

# MADE IN FRANCE. By H.C.Bunner.

Illustrated by C.J. Taylor.









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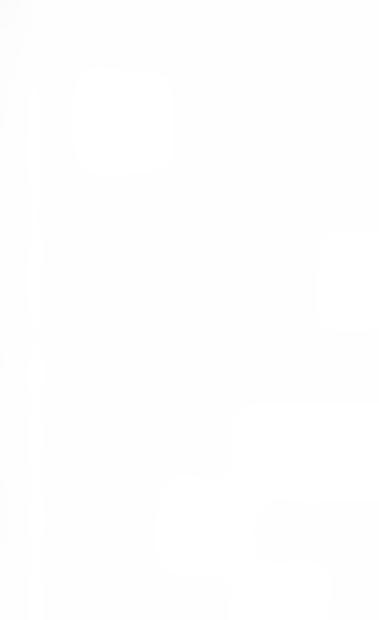
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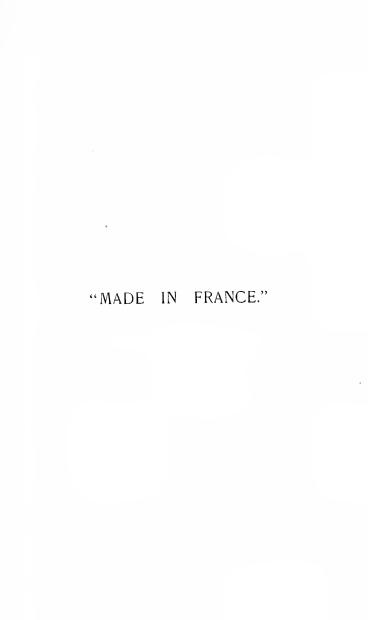
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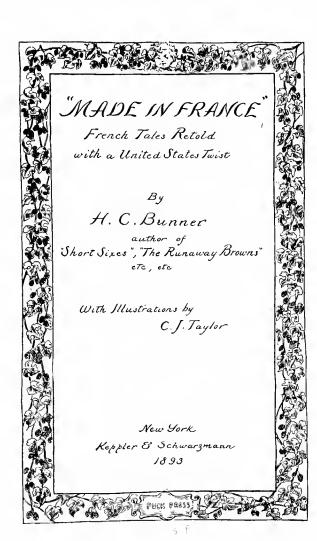








BERTHINE.



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TO A. L. B.

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#### BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

borrow a hint from an old Italian phrase, even the best of translators can not help it if he, to some extent, traduces as well as introduces. The more faithful he is, the more absolute and direct in his rendering, the more danger he runs

of being "falsely true" to an original style whose chief charm must lie in the freedom and untrammeled ease with which a literary artist handles his native language.

No foreign anthor of our day has suffered more at the hands of his translators than M. Guy de Maupassant. Occasionally he has met with a friend, such as Mr. Jonathan Sturgis, who has treated him with honor and with loving kindness; but, alas! Mr. Sturgis selected for translation but a baker's dozen of M. de Maupassant's stories out of more than that number of the French author's books. For the most part, it has been his luck to fall into the hands of hardworking but distinctly unliterary people, who have wronged him as faithfully as only the literal-minded can wrong the fanciful and imaginative.

# \* "Made in France." \*

The qualities that put M. Guy de Manpassant's work out of the scope of translation are inherent in his genius; and two in particular have served to withhold a fair knowledge of his power from those who have read him only in English versions.

In the first place, Maupassant, broadly popular as he has proved himself, never hesitates to assume the absolutely Thackerayan attitude of talking to that man in the company who knows the most. Simple and direct in his speech almost beyond any writer of his day and of his race, he vet, at all times, claims the right to presuppose, in the audience to which he addresses himself, a liberal allowance of intelligence, of knowledge of the world, and of breadth of mind. He has, for a Frenchman, few mannerisms; no euphuisms whatever; no tenuous, wire-drawn subtleties of phrase. But he demands that you shall have your brains about you when you are listening to him, and that you shall have employed your brains to some purpose before you met him. He has no time to talk to the dull, the inattentive or the narrowminded. And yet, while he certainly requires of his hearer a deal of mental alertness, no small fund of general information, and a broad and farreaching human sympathy, I do not recall in all his work a single passage where he asks more of his reader in the way of knowledge or understanding than any ordinarily well-educated and wholesome-minded man or woman may acquire unaided, and should acquire, in order to read good literature with an intelligent comprehension.

The advantage of assuming the possession of such brains and knowledge on the part of his

# 🧚 By Way of Explanation. 🎺

readers is that it makes its return directly to the writer. It gives to M. de Maupassant a privilege of which he is not slow to avail himself — akin to that of the dramatist who has the great happiness of finding himself able to dispense with his first act. Hence the marvelous conciseness and directness of his story-telling, which enables Maupassant to accomplish simply and easily, and with perfect suitability to his purposes, what Balzac sought to do with an infinity of labor and trouble of spirit — to create for himself a literary world of his own in character and episode.

Unless you have in some other way acquired a knowledge of the elements which go to make up the heterogeneous social world of which M. de Maupassant has written—primarily for those who know it measurably as well as he himself doesyou can not fairly read certain of his tales without reading the others that complement them; that combine to form the complete and perfect representation of the phase of society which he undertakes to exhibit. You may have to read a halfdozen of his sketches of peasant life, each one perfect in itself, before you realize his mastery of the peasant character and conditions. After that, each new one that you come across will fill you with fresh admiration for the breadth and accuracy of his observation. And what is true of his peasants is true of all the other types of humanity that he touches with a master-hand. If he tells you a story of a soldier, you may feel sure that the soldier is a soldier because he could not possibly be anything else and be what he is in the story. If he lays his scene in a given place at a given time, you may be sure it is because he has chosen

#### "Made in France."

place and time out of the fullness of a trained artistic knowledge. And if his hero is a Norman, for instance, you may be sure that, in his own native phrase, he is not a Norman for nothing.

This peculiarity of Maupassant's work offers in itself a formidable bar to a fair translation. We can all easily think of books that paint local conditions of American life simply and clearly enough to our eyes, which we yet should find almost impossible to explain or to illuminate to a foreigner who had not our knowledge of those conditions. Thus it is that it is easy to do Maupassant a wrong in wrenching a given one of his tales away from the body of his story-telling and presenting it to the world as a fully-accredited representative of its whole family.

And when you add to the characteristic of the writer which I have here endeavored to set forth, the characteristic of a remarkable susceptibility, sensitiveness and sympathetic changeableness of literary style which makes Maupassant in every instance subtly suit his manner of telling to the subject matter of his story. I think you will agree with me that he is ill to translate, at the best.

In this present book I have selected a few ethical situations from among the brightest of Maupassant's inventions, and have tried to reproduce them, not as translations, but as English, or rather American stories based on a Frenchman's inspiration—and I have done this with the sole hope of making that inspiration clear to people who will not or can not read Maupassant in the original. If through the new climes, the new times, the new changes, the new worlds, indeed, into which I have moved his people and

#### 🤏 By Way of Explanation. 💝

their adventures, you catch a better glimpse of the best fancies of M. Guy de Maupassant than you can get through the misleading mechanism of a literal translation, I shall be glad, indeed.

The venture may seem somewhat bold, but it is undertaken in a spirit of sincerest and faithfulest admiration for him who — though silenced now forever in a living death — must always be, to my thinking, the best of story-tellers since Boccaccio wrote down the tales he heard from women's lips.



TONY.

#### TONY.



DO not translate this story from M. Guy de Maupassant's French, because I can no more translate the charm of that French than those little machines with rolls of perforated paper can grind out a tune in the way that Mr. Pade-

rewski plays it. Out of respect for the best artist who ever fashioned a short story, I won't make the attempt; but I will, if you please, take the bare facts of this little tale, and re-tell in my own way what he originally told in a way that is very much better, but that is also French—and so finely French, too, that you have got to get the French language right into your bones to feel all its delicacy and force.

It's a simple enough tale to tell, so far as the story goes. It is about a great big, fat, good-natured, gluttonous, simple-minded inn-keeper who kept quite a famous little tayern in the town of Tournevent, in Normandy. Far and wide in the valley in which it nestles, the tayern, which bore the sign of "The Friendly Cup," was known for its honest wine and its maryelous hot-spiced

# Tony. 💝

dishes — delicious concoctions, but so hot with pepper and all manner of hot things that they brought tears to the eyes, and seemed almost to justify the inn-keeper's assertion that they both warmed the stomach and cleared the brain.

But Tony himself was almost as much of an attraction as his wine and his deviled dishes. He was so fat, to begin with; he had such a great round dumpling of a face on top of his great round pudding of a body; he looked at you with such an innocently roguish, yet kindly eye, that you could not help feeling, when he sat down at your table and talked to you, as though you were enjoying the society of a

freak of nature and a comedian

put together, for the paltry price of a glass of wine. For Tony had a most delightful way of making fun of people without offending them, and you could make all the fun of him you pleased without disturbing in the least the unruffled serenity with

which he took life and all that life brought — fat, for instance, an unquenchable thirst, and a shrewish wife.

Old Ma'am Tony, as she was called in the neighborhood, was all that Tony was not—shriveled and thin, wrinkled, sour, unblessed with even the most rudimentary sense of humor, the most sordid and narrow type of French peasantwoman, without an appetite in the world, unless avarice—biting, gnawing, cankering avarice can

#### 🐦 "Made in France." 😍

be called an appetite. Ma'am Tony's chief business in life was the raising of plump chickens for market, a business in which she was both expert and successful. Outside of this, her one avocation was making herself disagreeable to her husband. In this business, however, she was neither expert nor successful; for, although Ma'am Tony was far-and-away the most disagreeable woman in the country-side, and had a manner of language that would curdle milk, nothing that she could say or do could disturb the genial, over-fed placidity of that pleasant mountain of flesh: and, moreover, even if she had succeeded in making him as unhappy as he was capable of being, she felt that his pain would be as nothing in comparison with the suffering of spirit which his very existence caused her. The mere thought of him was an offense to her soul - mainly because she had such a mean little soul. She hated him for his fat, which seemed to her miserly mind a waste and extravagance - something which somehow might have been reduced to good silver coin and hoarded away in her old blue woolen stocking. She hated him for his good nature and his pleasant humor, which were vanities she could neither enjoy nor understand. She hated him for his friends, who were, of course, the idle drinkers of the village; and she hated him for his elephantine capacity for drink, although he never got drunk and his conviviality served only as a profitable bait for business. Although each glass he drank sold two more, Ma'am Tony could never bring herself to see that it was only one way of turning over capital, and a bitter rage burned in her heart as she saw the good red wine

#### Tony. 💝

go down that enormous gullet and feed his bursting veins of red and purple. She scolded in language too hideous for transcription. He laughed until his fat cheeks swallowed up his eyes, and guyed her with great coarse, hearty, good-natured jokes, which his boon companions greeted with



roars of merriment, although the jokes were the same day after day.

"You wait!" his wife would shriek, her throat husky and dry with scolding; "you wait, you puff-ball! You'll burst some day; you'll burst like a bladder! You're a wind-bag, you are—you're no man!"

"Good solid meat, old woman; good solid meat," Tony would chuckle; and then, baring an arm as big as a trooper's thigh, he would hit it a resounding slap and shout: "Put some of that on your blamed old poultry! How's that for a chicken-wing, hey?"

The tavern roysterers pounded the table in their delight, and the old woman would back off to her poultry-yard, furiously sputtering with the last remains of her breath:

"You'll burst, you beast!"

# \* "Made in france." \*

Tony did not burst; but something else happened to him that was almost as horrible in its way. A stroke of paralysis rendered his huge form as helpless as an overturned turtle. They put him to bed in a little closet next to the public room of "The Friendly Cup," and it was not many days before all the town knew that Tony would never more move the gigantic legs that had been his pride and the jest of the neighborhood. Inert, struck with the immobility of a living death, yet clear of mind and lusty of appetite as of old, this huge hulk lay in a narrow bunk-like bed that was made afresh but once in the week, on Saturday afternoon, when four sturdy laboring-men lifted him by the arms and legs.

It was Tony still, but Tony with a difference—Tony helpless and afraid, before the she-devil of a wife with whom his fate was cast—the same fun-loving, thirsty Tony, now compelled to listen in abasement to her vile abuse, and to be the patient and uncomplaining victim of her incredible meanness and stinginess. She cut him down to an ordinary man's allowance of wine, and she counted every spoonful of food she put into his mouth; and while she fed him she taunted him with his utter usclessness.

Vet he was content enough when she would let him alone lying in his little bed, making from time to time one of the few motions that was left to him—a slight shifting of his ponderous body to the right or to the left—and listening to catch through the partition the sound of familiar voices in the tavern room.

"Hi, Pierre!" he would shout; "that you?"
And Pierre would answer:

#### Tony.

"Aye, aye, old man; how are you getting along?"

"Oh, I'm settling down, settling down," Tony would reply, cheerily.

"Losing any flesh?"

"Not a pound! I'm making."

And, indeed, in spite of his meagre diet and the seasoning it got from Ma'am Tony's imprecations, the great creature was actually increasing in flesh.

After a while he began to have more companionship. First it was a young rooster that came from the poultry-yard and sat upon the window-sill and crowed. Then some little chickens got into a way of wandering in through the open door to pick up crumbs of bread near his bedside, and he took great pleasure in their little



weakling peeps and their funny little aimless flights. Then his old friends began to drop in and chat with him, finding his wit as fresh as of yore, and Tony learned what it is to be a professional funny man; for his entertainment of his friends was the price of their society, and his

#### \* "Made in France." \*

humor was his sole stock-in-trade. They played backgammon among themselves, and surreptitionally treated him to his own wine. But there were days when his wife, passing by and casting her eyes upon this picture of simple contentment, would be seized with an unspeakable rage, and would knock the backgammon board into the air, and drive his cronies out-of-doors at the point of her tongue. Then she would tell her husband that he was a good-for-nothing and expensive beast, and go grumbling back to her poultry-yard.

Of Tony's three closest companions, the long cabinet-maker, the little apothecary, and the crooked watchmaker, only the third dared to stand up against the rages of Ma'am Tony. He was an untained and fearless bachelor, with a spirit of deviltry in him as curiously warped and crooked as his physical frame. Prosper Horslaville was his name, and he was the acknowledged leader and chief of the trio. He did not hesitate to chaff Ma'am Tony to her face, and to make her literal dullness the butt of his ingenious malice.

"See here," he said to the old woman one day, when she had more viciously than usual bewailed her hard lot in having to take care of what she called her paralyzed pig; "see here," he said; "do you know what I'd do with that old man of yours if I had him? There he is lying in bed all day doing nothing, and as hot as a furnace. Why don't you make him hatch eggs?"

Ma'am Tony stared at him, uncertain whether or no he were making fun of her.

"That's what I'd do," went on Prosper, without the slightest movement of his facial mus-

#### Tony.

cles that could detract from his aspect of perfect seriousness; "1" d make him batch eggs. Now, you take a setting of eggs the same day that you set a hen, and put half-a-dozen alongside of him, under one arm, and half-a-dozen alongside of him, under the other; and then, when the chickens hatch out, you may just give 'em to the hen. She can just as well take care of two broods as one."



A light of sordid speculation began to glitter in the old woman's eyes.

"Do you think it could be done?" she

asked, thoughtfully.

"Could be done? Why, certainly. If you can hatch out eggs in a box with a lamp, you can hatch 'em out easy enough in a bed. Make the old man earn his living."

A week later Ma'am Tony entered her husband's room with an apron full of eggs.

"I set the yellow hen to-day," said she, "on

twelve eggs, and here's twelve for you. Now, see you don't break 'em."

#### \* "Made in france." \*

Tony stared at her in astonishment and affright.

"What — what — what do you mean?" he

stammered.

"I 'm going to set you, you good-for-nothing!"

At first he merely laughed, for he could not believe her. Then, when he realized that she was in earnest, he remonstrated against the indignity that she offered him, growing as angry as it was in him to be, and showing the sulky petulance of an offended child. He rolled his great body from right to left, and positively refused to perform the functions of a hen.

"All right." said his wife, dryly; "no eggs, no dinner! Not a bite or sup but bread and water do you get until you hatch those eggs."

Noon-time came, and the steam of Tony's favorite soup spread its perfume upon the air, rich with spicy, enticing hints of garlic, bay-leaf, sage and tarragon. By his side were a crust of stale bread and a cup of water. In the kitchen hard by, Ma'am Tony moved about preparing the dinner, silent, obdurate, deaf to his remonstrances and entreaties. Tony held out until he heard the grit of her chair upon the floor and the clink of her spoon in the soup-plate; then he succumbed, sold his manhood for a mess of pottage, and became a human hen.

In the afternoon his companions looked in as usual.

"You don't seem to be lying right comfortable," said crooked Prosper, casting an observant eye upon him.

"No," said Tony; "I'm a bit stiff to-day."

"Rheumatics?"

"Something like it," assented Tony, uneasily.

"Let me give you a rub down," suggested Prosper, pleasantly, advancing a horny hand.

"No, no," cried Tony, and in a nervous agony of dread he drew away, half rolling over.

There was a faint sound of crushing shells, and as the preliminaries for an omelette declared themselves under his left side, Tony cried out impulsively and unguardedly:

"Oh, my! Now I 've done it!"

His wife heard him and rushed into the room. In her first fit of rage she broke the backgammon board over his head, and then, further maddened by this catastrophe, she fell upon him and beat him with her skinny hands until her



withered muscles could no longer act, while Tony lay helpless, motionless beneath her blows, for fear of breaking the six eggs that yet remained with him.

The era of henhood had set in for Tony; his life was now given over to hatching. Rigid

# \* "Made in france." \*

and still he lay, stretched upon his back; his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, breathing softly and even speaking low, as though he were afraid of prematurely waking his little charges. Once he broke an egg, and that day he had no dinner.

This was unnecessarily severe punishment: the pangs of conscience troubled Tony quite enough. For he had begun to take a strange interest in his new occupation; and before long he was even a little jealous of the yellow hen, who was setting out in the barnyard; and was much rejoiced when she in her turn stepped through an egg. Tony's lot in life was now humble, it is true, but in some respects it was happier than before. He now received from his wife the consideration due to a setting hen, and he was better and more abundantly fed. Moreover, he succeeded in obtaining a double allowance of wine, on the ground that wine was heating.

To some extent he resumed his old position as an attraction to eustom. The news of his new field of usefulness spread far and wide, and people came from everywhere to make the purchase of a drink an excuse for a peep at the colossus of eggs, as Prosper now christened him. They came into the room on tip-toe, as you enter the chamber of sickness, and asked after his health in whispers, to which he responded with the patient but reassuring smile of an invalid who does not wish to waste his strength in speech.

One day his wife came in to tell him that the yellow hen had begun to hatch out. She had three little chickens already. A thrill of delightful anxiety ran through Tony's frame. How many would be have?

#### Tony.

"I'm doing my best," he whispered meekly to his wife; but she turned her back on him scornfully.

"You never were any good," she said.

But Tony was not long behind his feathered rival. Just about supper time, a little faint, faraway sound of tapping caused Tony to cry aloud in uncontrollable glee. The news began to spread instantly. It went from house to house like wildfire. In five minutes the streets of Tournevent were full of people hurrying to the tavern, and in a short time the one public room was crowded with excited drinkers, chattering, laughing, and betting bottles of wine and glasses of brandy on the relative success of Tony and the yellow hen.



It was just six o'clock when the expected announcement made a hush fall upon the house. As many as could get in Tony's little room pushed silently in. Others poked their heads in at the doors and windows, or stood on chairs to look over the heads of those in front. With infinite

# \* "Made in France." 😽

precautions Ma'am Tony drew from under the arm of the big man a tiny, downy little ball of yellow and black, that uttered a feeble and plaintive "peep!" Tears of joy and relief coursed down Tony's fat cheeks as his first chicken was gently passed from hand to hand, and examined and admired as though it were some rare curiosity.

As time passed on, inquiries and reports went forward and back between the throng in the public room and the watchers in the little chamber.

" How many is it now?"

"This one makes six."

Then arose a sound of laughter and applause and the clinking of glasses. Ma'am Tony pushed her way out into the yard, and delivered the six new arrivals to the yellow hen, who clucked a hearty maternal welcome, and spread her broad wings as though she were quite ready to give shelter to all the little chickens in the world. It was a beautiful April evening. The soft warm air hardly stirred. A tender twilight haze lent ghostly vagueness to the faint tints of the young vegetation. At the far end of the poultry-yard a young cockerel, alarmed by the distant noise of the applauding crowd, crowed defiantly.

The evening bells began to ring. "Seven!"

announced Tony; "in my right elbow."

But a greater triumph awaited him. Four had hatched out at once, and as the last one was lifted to the air Tony kissed it passionately and almost devoured it with his beaming eyes.

"Let me have it," he pleaded with his wife;

"I'll be so careful of it!"

#### Tony. \*

But the old woman was stony-hearted. She bore the chicken away to its foster-mother; and then, returning, drove the crowd out of Tony's room, and, shutting the door on him, left him to rest, exhausted, but triumphant, proud and happy.

For a long time the crowd lingered in the public room, discussing the nine — or rather,

twenty-one — days' wonder, and it was past midnight when Ma'am Tony finally closed her doors. A belated passer-by accosted Prosper Horslaville, who was the last to leave.

leave.

"How is Tony now?" inquired the citizen, pointing

with his thumb to where the sign of "The Friendly Cup" hung, silvered in the moonlight.

"As well as could be expected."





#### THE PRIZE OF PROPRIETY.

HE story of the Prize of Propriety was told in an old French town, by an old French doctor, a plump little man with rosy checks and short bristling gray hair standing up straight all over his head, and a short bristling gray beard standing out straight

all around his face. He had a perpetual twinkle in his eyes, and the corners of his mouth looked as though they would like to wink. He sat on the parapet, that was built in the time of Julius Caesar, and told the story with countless grimaces, and with a Frenchman's artistic enjoyment of his own recital. It was a town that had been famous many centuries ago, and that has since been many centuries forgotten. Its narrow streets ran between tall, old-fashioned stone houses, and twisted this way and that, up and down incredible grades, following necessities of an antiquity past comprehending.

The sunlight glinted on the swift little blue river that ran under the arches of the old stone bridge; here and there, over the high garden walls that bordered it, showed the top of a blos-

# The Prize of Propriety. 🤝

soming pear-tree, or a spray of peach, reaching up into the free air, and the soft Spring breeze brought on its breast a faint smell of lilacs and new grass and upturned mould.



And this is the story of the Prize of Propriety, given once on a time by Madame Husson.

"You would hardly think," began the Doctor, "that we inhabitants of this little town of Gisors, who still talk of the gloties of our city in the days of the Romans; of its present superiority to the rival city of Gournay, at the other end of the valley; and who to this very day discuss and experiment with mediæval receipts for cooking eggs and making pasties—you would not believe that we had ever been accused of being a frivolous and ill-conducted populace.

"Yet such we were in the sight of Mme. Husson, a very rich and very respectable middleaged lady who once dwelt among us many years

# \* "Made in France." \*

When I tell you that Mme. Husson was the only child of an old couple who had successfully conducted a young ladies' institute for English Misses, that she had in her first youth married a consumptive drawing-master who had expired after six months of marital life; and that his widow had spent the twenty-five years that had elapsed since that date in one long series of religious exercises in memory of the defunct, you will understand that Mme. Husson was not of the world worldly. She took, however, a kindly, if somewhat narrow, interest in her fellow-beings, and at the time when she settled in Gisors, she had come into possession of her parents' considerable fortune, and had reached the charitable stage, where she was anxious to do great things with her money; and to do them, moreover, in the fussy way that middle-aged ladies delight in.

"Now, I can not tell you, for I have forgotten, if I ever knew, in what chaste bower, in what secluded retreat of innocence, Mme. Husson had spent the twenty-five years of her widowhood; but I know that the good people of Gisors impressed her as being reckless and shameless in their public manners, to the verge of apparent profligacy. Our simple, hearty, noisy, Norman ways; our Middle-Age phrases, a little too strong and racy for the modern taste; our big appetites and our big talk all shocked and offended her, and made her regard us as gross and sensual people of questionable morals, at the very best.

"Most of all, it horrified her to look out of her window upon the public market-place and see the market-women, the farm-girls, the dairymaids and the daughters of the peasantry jostling



each other, laughing, shricking, chaffing, scolding and quarreling in their rough jovial way; and when two great strapping wenches would come to blows and exchange a few harmless love-taps, with their big, bare red arms flying through the air, Mme. Husson would close her shutters and send her maid, Joconde, for the sal volatile.

"It was not, therefore, much wondered at in Gisors when it was announced that Mme. Husson had decided to offer a prize of virtue to the young woman bearing the best character in the town, to present that happy paragon with a rosy wreath and a purse of gold; in fact, to establish here the whole institution of the *rosière* with its attendant festivities. And as this simply meant that the town was to feed itself at the expense of its benefactress, joy, gratitude and satisfaction ran high in Gisors.

"But as time went on, and no further steps were taken in the matter, the people began to grow curious and suspicious; and inquiries were made, which shortly proved that Joconde, the maid, was at the bottom of the strange delay.

# \* "Made in france." 🔭

"This Joconde most notably belied her She was a sour-visaged spinster, even more of a rigid, uncompromising, narrow-minded moralist than was her mistress. In her eyes there were just two absolutely untainted and faultless females in the whole world - Mme. Husson and herself - and it behooved even them to be careful and to walk straightly. Joconde had been entrusted the task of making inquiry into the reputation of the local damsels. and she had performed her duties with absolutely fanatical zeal. Her standard was of course of the loftiest. She demanded decorum, modesty of bearing, and absolute propriety in the smallest details of speech and conduct - qualities not often to be found among a lot of hard-working, honest, ignorant, rough-living daughters of poverty. Joconde inquired everywhere, caught up every bit of gossip, every vague suspicion, every



malicious hint, and noted all down in the little memorandum-book in which she inscribed the articles of her day's marketing. Here," said the

# The Prize of Propriety.

Doctor, opening a capacious wallet, "is a copy of a page of that famous memorandum-book which I have carried with me these many years:"

 bread
 4 sous

 milk 1 ft.
 2 "

 Butter
 8 "

Malvina Levesque got herself Talked about last year, tickling the buttermans Boy in the rubs done it,

chops I franc satt 2 sons

Kosalie Vaturel called Françoise Piénoir a vile language Kadishes 1 sous

2 50115

Joséphine Dardent aint had nothing said only she gets Letters from the young Man was turned out of the Pickle Shop last spring.

vinesar

- "Every entry like one of these settled the fate of a victim. And as there was no girl whatever about whom some one had not, at some time, said some unkind thing, it very soon became obvious that Gisors could not furnish a young woman up to the wonderful standard of propriety exacted by Mmc. Husson and her maid. The surrounding towns were ransacked with no better success.
- "And one morning Joconde said to her mistress:
- "'Madame, if any one is to get that prize, Isidore is the only one who deserves it and he 's a man leastways a boy. He never done, nor said, nor thought anything improper in all his whole life, I'll be bound.'
- "Madame Husson pondered long over this curious suggestion. There was no doubt about Isidore's qualifications, save in the matter of sex. He was a great, pale, gawky boy of twenty,

### 💝 "Made in France." 🐾

whose mother kept a fruit-stand in the marketplace. Isidore's invincible, positively morbid bashfulness had made him in a way the butt of the town. He had passed his youth at his mother's apron-strings, and he had no companions of his own age, even among the boys with whom he had grown up. The sight of a girl was enough to suffuse his face with painful blushes and to paralyze his never-too-ready tongue. His sensitive and shrinking delicacy of speech and behavior, at an age when most boys do their best to be taken for little monsters of vulgarity and iniquity, had attracted the attention of all the town's-people. You see, Gisors is, after all, not a very large place. The consequence was that Isidore was known among the coarse-spoken town's-folk of the baser sort as a milk-sop and goody-goody, and was made an object of general persecution. The girls laughed and winked at him; the boys bailed him with broad jests as he sat behind the piles of fruit in his mother's little shop. Isidore blushed and bore it

"Mme. Husson could not make up her mind. A rosy wreath for the head of a young man was a development of her plans that she had not contemplated. And yet, if she rejected Isidore, all her great dream for doing good and setting deprayed Gisors a virtuous example must go for nothing. She consulted her Father-Confessor.

"'Why, my dear Madame,' said that good gentleman, thinking it over with the assistance of a pinch of snuff, 'I see nothing out of the way in the idea. Propriety knows no sex, or rather it



may be an attribute of either sex. Certainly no human being was ever more proper than Isidore. Why, I don't believe the boy has ever drunk anything stronger than milk in his life; and he can not be accused of setting a bad example to the rest of our young people.'

"That decided Mme. Husson. She called on the Maire of Gisors, and that functionary highly approved. Show me the municipal functionary who does not highly approve of giving the tax-payers a right good holiday and festival—when it does n't cost the town anything.

"We'll make a great occasion of it, of course,' he said. We'll decorate the public square; and, yes, we'll have the military out, and get up a procession.'

"They fixed the date of the ceremony for the 15th of August as being at once the festival of the Virgin Mary and of the Emperor Napoléon.

# \* "Made in France." \*

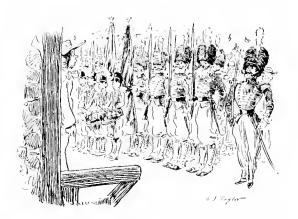
"When Isidore was consulted about it, he

blushed and appeared pleased.

"Well might he be pleased! It was his hour of triumph. The girls who had laughed at him, the boys who had jeered him, found the tables turned upon them. It is all very well to laugh at a fellow for a milk-sop and a goody-goody, but when milk-soppery and goody-goodiness bring a fellow in five hundred francs, a savings-bank-book, a gold watch, a public dinner, municipal and military honors, and a large increase in the fellow's mother's fruit trade, why, a fellow is neither to be laughed at nor sneezed at, even if he does happen to be a little straight-laced.

"It was the 15th of Angust. The long main street leading to the market-place of Gisors was hung with banners and draperies its whole length. In the market-place itself were spread the long gayly-decked tables for the general collation,—their snowy covering contrasting bravely with the crimson-striped awnings and other canopies that stretched above them, supported by painted and gilded flag-poles that bore streaming bannerets high in the Summer air. With a thunder of martial music, the Gisors Grenadiers swept into the square.

"Dividing the great crowd that had already gathered, the military pride of Gisors marched on, flags flying and drums beating; drew up before the humble shop of Isidore's mother, and presented arms as Isidore appeared at the portal. He was dressed from head to foot in spotless,



immaculate white, with a bunch of orange-blossoms in his white straw hat.

"With the Maire of the town on one side and Mme. Husson radiant, trembling with excitement, on the other, Isidore advanced and took his place in the procession. Amid the cheers of the populace, following the rolling music of the Grenadier band, they moved onward toward the cathedral. In front of Isidore a detachment of very little girls indeed strewed flowers in his pathway — white, chaste, virginal flowers. Isidore marched on with a happy smile upon his pale innocent face, and the crowd cheered again and again.

"There were brief services at the cathedral, and a touching address by the officiating cleric; and then the procession, returning to the market-place, took seats at the tables under the canopies.

"Before the collation began, the Maire made his address. It was dignified and imposing.

# \* "Made in france." \*

"The honor that your benefactiess and your town extend to you, young man, is also, in some sense, an obligation upon you. In the face of this vast multitude who have met to acclaim your triumph as an example of virtue, propriety and decorum, you must be considered to have taken upon yourself a high and sacred engagement to keep that bright example shining in undiminished purity and splendor before the eyes of this community, from now even unto your latest day."

"Then, stepping solemnly forward, he pressed the young man to his bosom, and sat the wreath of roses on his head; and Isidore sobbed, sobbed with a vague, innocent, ignorant joy and pride. Then the Maire put into his hands the silken purse that contained his five hundred francs in gold, his savings-bank-book, his gold watch, and the freedom of the town of Gisors, enclosed in a silver casket. The last gifts had been purchased by popular subscription.

"The repast was magnificent, too magnificent. It was a repast of the true Norman style, with countless dishes and immense portions; and we gulped it down in good Norman style, floating it on its way in floods of rich golden cider and generous red wine, while the glasses clinked, the plates clashed, the knives and forks rattled, and the Grenadier band poured forth its music all the time that it was not eating or drinking—which, indeed, was no inconsiderable time, for we sat at those tables from high noon until the soft warm evening's mist came rolling up our narrow streets from the low pasture lands about the town, bringing with them a pleasant country

# The Prize of Propriety.

smell and faint, far-off sounds of tinkling bells and lowing cattle.

"And then we took Isidore home. Poor boy; no one seemed to have noticed that this child of temperance and frugality had been eating all the day as he had never eaten before—since never before had he seen such viands—and, moreover, drinking all day, as unquestionably he had never drunk before—a glass of wine having, probably, been a rare and extreme indulgence with him. And there he sat from twelve to from six to seven, and with one or another of the thoughtless, excited, warm-hearted, heavy drinkers about him, poor Isidore had drunk every one of the score of toasts with which the banquet concluded—and heaven knows how much more beside.

"Still, the nervous excitement of the occasion kept him up; and save for the glitter of his eyes and the color in his cheek he seemed to those who marched with him to that little fruitshop to be quite his usual, undemonstrative, silent self. His mother was not yet come home; a little band of friends was accompanying her from house to house to show her son's wreath and to receive the congratulations of her neighbors. There was also a plan on foot to close the festivities with a grand serenade to Mme. Husson. So it happened that Isidore was somewhat unceremoniously deposited in the darkened shop while the unsatisfied merry-makers of his guard-of-honor hurried on to the next excitement.

"So Isidore was left alone in the dim half-darkness of the shop. A little light filtered in through the cracks of the door, enough to show

# \* "Made in france." \*

him the heaping baskets of peaches, the melons piled on the floor, and the late Summer fruits spread out in attractive order on the shelves and counters. The smell of them mingled in that small warm room in one musky, intoxicating odor. It mounted to the boy's brain as he sat there and



drew labored breaths of the close, rich, enervating air. He felt the clean cold cover of his bankbook, he twirled his watch in his hand, and its bright surface caught the light from a shutterchink. As he dropped his chain it fell with a pleasant musical sound upon his silver box. But he must have sat longest of all playing with the purse of gold, and making its bright orange stream ripple beneath the silken meshes, as he softly cascaded it from hand to hand.

"For then and there in the darkness the Devil seized upon him and rent him. How long

# The Prize of Propriety. \*

the struggle between his good and bad angels may have been no man may know; nor what agony of spirit worked within him in the musky depths of the close little fruit-shop. But when his mother returned to greet her boy, he was gone and had left no trace behind him—not even one orange flower from his white straw hat.

\* \*

"She hurried to the house of Mme. Husson, and with Joconde to help them through the crowds that still surged aimlessly about the streets. they went to find the Maire. He could give them no information, however, nor could the officers of the police. The news got out, and within an hour the whole town was looking for Isidore, with the extravagant animation of people who take their first delightful taste of a mystery. A general alarm was sent out. The Colonel of the Grenadiers despatched scouting-parties to make the external circuit of the town. One of these discovered on the Paris road the spray of orangeblossoms. For the rest of the night, half of the inhabitants of Gisors sat up comparing conjectures with each other, and discussing the possibilities of the young man's having met with foul play.

"On the evening of the next day, when the regular stage-coach got in on its return from Paris, the people of Gisors learned the truth. Isidore had hailed the conveyance a mile out of town, had paid his fare out of his purse of gold, and, traveling all night, had reached Paris in the morning; and had got off and disappeared in the

# 🎓 "Made in France." 😵

streets of the great city as though it were the most natural place in the world for a man in a white, spotless suit of duck.

"The authorities tried their best, but they could get no further trace of the boy. Weeks passed on and nothing occurred to shed the slightest light upon the mystery.

"I was then the youngest physician in town, and I happened to be the only person stirring in the street early one Fall morning. As I entered the marketplace, I suddenly saw a curious darkgray figure, in its gait and carriage more

like a baboon than a man, come staggering around It fell even as 1 saw it, and I a distant corner. hurried forward. Reaching the inanimate form, I tried to lift it. It was a man sunk in the depths of a profound alcoholic stupor, with an empty brandy bottle clutched in his hand; but it was some time before I realized that the bloated, swollen, bruised, besmirched face belonged to Isidore. The beautiful white duck suit was a hideous skeleton of filthy rags; and the whole creature, dress and person, was a mass of filth, soilure and disfigurement, marked with every stain and spot that can be left on a man by the inexpressible foulness of a great city's lowest slums. I called for help and got him home to his mother's. He was washed, healed, fed, and set upright again, and given another chance to behave himself. He had nothing with him—absolutely nothing of all his

### The Prize of Propriety. 😍

gold and silver—except the freedom of the town, no longer in its silver casket, but tucked away, dirty itself, in a dirtier pocket.

"We suspected, however, that he had some small portion of his money hidden somewhere outside the city limits, for when, a few days afterward, he escaped from his mother's vigilance and got outside the town, he came back shortly, drunk, and with money enough in his pocket to get still more drunk—in fact, to go on such a spree as no mortal man had ever yet gone on in the streets of Gisors. A month later he repeated

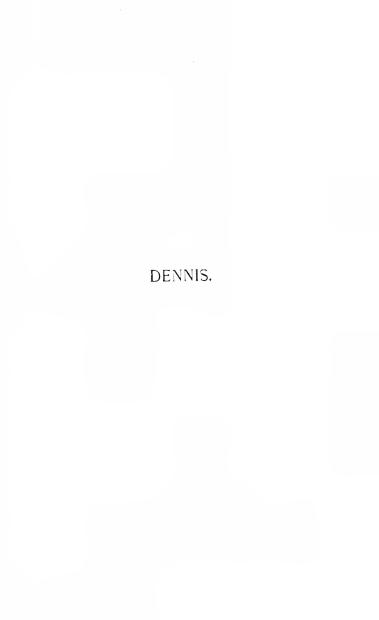


this performance, and breaking of windows was the smallest irregularity he committed. This occurred again from time to time, until the city officials, having exhausted all the minor punishments they could bestow on him, ordered him to

# 🐡 "Made in France." 🤝

leave the town. It was then that Isidore marched into the councit-chamber and produced the freedom of the town that had been given him with his prize of propriety—and asked the municipality of Gisors what action it proposed to take in the matter.

"He remained the town drunkard until he died," concluded the little doctor, getting down off the parapet of the bridge; "and when I closed his eyes the town paid my bill."



#### DENNIS.

R. PESSELS, the retired apothecary, as he

called himself,—the tired apothecary as his friends sometimes called him, in a way of good-natured jest — lived to suit his own quiet taste some distance out of the viliage, in fact half way up the mountain-side, in the third stone house on the hill road, the only one on the second turn. And as the road did not go over the mountain, but stopped at the old quarry a quarter of a mile further on, Dr. Pessels practically did live, as his more gregarious acquaintances in the little town liked to put it, "at the end of all things."

But that was just exactly what suited Dr. Pessels. Life had always been too bustling and bothersome a business for him—even life in the calm little, out-of-the-way, up-country town where for many years he had combined the functions of a sort of half-doctor with those of a sort of druggist-and-a-half, to say nothing (and indeed he said as little as he could about it) of doing nearly anything in the veterinary line which happened to come in his way. To explain the peculiar division of Dr. Pessels's activity I should say that the doctor had but a courtesy claim to his title. In

### Ponnis.

his youth he had spent a couple of years at a medical college, but he had never taken his diploma, having come to the conclusion, at the end of that time, that it was altogether too much trouble. They say lazy folk take the most pains. Certainly the saying came true in Dr. Pessels's Fate shaped matters for him with such ingenious irony that, before his classmates had finished walking the hospitals, he found himself a hard-working apothecary in a remote country town, not only obliged to take upon his shoulders the duties of a physician in all except the severest cases of illness, when a "real doctor" had to be summoned from the court-house town ten miles away; but forced to eke out his living by prescribing for ailing live-stock, and by adding to his legitimate drug business the manufacture of all sorts of nostrums demanded by the curious old-fashioned taste of his out-of-the-world neighborhood. From receipts of the last century. founded, he sometimes used to think, on traditions of the middle ages, he compounded, late of nights and early of mornings, all sorts of eye-waters, salves, complexion - washes, pomades, possets, balms, plaisters (the people would n't have them unless the labels were spelled that way) liniments, herb-teas and all the other messes in which oldfashioned country-folk delight.

For fifteen years did Dr. Pessels toil thus in his grimy little shop, condemned to perpetual industry—he who asked nothing of the world but to live and be lazy. And then one of his messes worked a miracle for him, and gave him the desire of his heart. He invented or evolved or discovered Pessels's Panacea Gargle for Man,

# "Made in france." 🐨

Woman and Brute, and therewith he made his fortune. You have probably never heard of the Gargle. That is because, like many other remedies of its sort, it has what the botanists would



call a habitat — its own region of country wherein it is looked upon as a staple specific, and has no rival in public affection. Unknown outside of the boundaries of a half-dozen counties, within those limits the Gargle soon grew to be

as necessary a part of the druggist's stock as oleum ricini or campli, tinct, opii.

There was wealth untold ahead of the doctor if he wanted it, but he had no use for wealth untold. He had but one aim in life henceforward: not to do another stroke of work. He farmed out to a limited number of druggists in the large towns of his region the right to manufacture the Gargle on easy royalties; bought him a house and a large garden as far from the town as he could get, and settled down to a well-fed hermit life, with a well-stocked cellar under him and his man Dennis to keep house for him.

Dennis had been the Doctor's servant, helper and handy-man for many years. He had helped the Doctor with his simple surgery and with his complicated compounds. Now he was gardener, stableman, cook, butler, bed-maker, messenger, and valet, and if there was any other office to be filled about the house Dennis filled it. The Doctor was lazy, Dennis was industrious; the Doctor was loquacious, Dennis was taciturn; the

#### T Dennis. T

Doctor was joyous, ambitionless, content; Dennis's soul was gnawed within him by the thought of the wasted opportunity to make a fortune out of the Gargle. It was not that Dennis cared for anything that the money would bring to him personally, for his wants were meagre in the extreme; but the waste offended his thrifty soul, and to think that others were making the money that his master might have made was a vexation to his spirit. Then when the royalties began to fall in and the Doctor re-let the privileges at whatever was offered for them, Dennis raged in secret. He knew that he could dispose of them for twice what the Doctor was getting, and he could not understand why the Doctor would not allow him to act as his agent and wring the last penny out of the manufacturers. To think that these lessees were laughing in their sleeves at the fat, goodnatured, easy going little Doctor, was gall and bitterness to his faithful servitor.

So there was a frown on Dennis's brow one clear, smart Autumn morning as he handed Dr. Pessels his mail, and saw the Doctor's face light up at the sight of a certain large blue envelope. The lease of the largest of all the firms manufacturing the Gargle was about to fall in. Dennis took the privileges of an old domestic; he waited while his employer, with a beaming countenance, read the letter.

. "Morton & Pound?" inquired Dennis, sourly.

"Yes, Dennis, yes," said the Doctor, cheerily; "our old friends."

"Same old terms?" snapped Dennis. Dennis had never been disrespectful in all his years

### "Made in France." "

of service, but his tone faintly suggested that patience was ceasing to be a virtue.

"The same terms," assented the Doctor, rubbing his hands contentedly; "five thousand dollars. It's a great sum, Dennis; as much as I could expect."

Dennis set his mouth hard.

"The other shop would give you ten, and be glad to get it," he said.

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," returned the Doctor, his gayety undimmed; "but it 's worth making a little less to know whom we 're dealing with. And they 're old friends, Dennis, good solid old friends!"

Dennis emitted a low sound that was something between a groan and a

thing between a groan argrunt, and tramped doggedly off to the vegetable garden, where he dug at the celery - trenches with an unnecessary and expressive vigor. The fat little Doctor strolled among his late flowers and selected with great care a pink aster for his button-

hole; and finally trotted off, in a sort of aimlessly busy way which he had, to the pretty little town in the valley below him.

#### Ponnis.

The Doctor was a rather more than middle-aged man, and an old bachelor; he had always old ways and he lived in an old town. There-

fore it need not surprise you to learn that the manner of his going to bed was with a white

cotton night-cap on his head and a little night-light burning in a perforated tin tower on a stand at the head of his bed. It was by the light of this that the Doctor saw, suddenly waking from a sound sleep, the tall figure

of Dennis standing on the threshold, clad only in his night-shirt.

For a moment the Doctor lay still, staring idly; astonished, but not wholly aroused. He had never known Dennis to walk in his sleep before, but from the glassy stare in the man's eyes the Doctor supposed that his servant was in a somnambulistic state. Then a sudden horror seized him and his heart stood still, as, lowering his eyes, he perceived that Dennis held a hatchet in his hand. He started up with a cry, but his feet had hardly touched the floor when Dennis, uttering a snarl like an angry beast, flew upon him and struck savagely at him with the weapon.

The Doctor was a small man; but he was strong, and the terror of the situation lent him a strength not his own. He could not overcome his muscular antagonist; but for a few moments he twisted the brawny wrist so as to keep the blade of the hatchet from his face. But with the back

# "2llade in France." \*

of the heavy instrument Dennis beat down his guard, raining horrible blows upon his head, which his victim, dazed and panting, could not contrive to dodge or ward off. They struggled thus for some minutes in absolute silence, and then Dennis wrenched the hatchet around, and the sharp blade cut the Doctor's scalp and then fell upon his neck and arm and chest. But as the blood spurted forth, a sudden desperate gleam of mental clearness came to the half-stunned sufferer, and he shrieked madly:

"Dennis! Hear me! I have n't got the money! I did n't take their offer!"

For a moment the madman paused.

"It's true," gasped the Doctor: "I did n't accept their offer, look for yourself! — The letter — on the desk!"

Dennis's hold relaxed, and his victim sank swooning to the floor. As consciousness departed, he saw the tall shape take the letter from the open desk and cross the room to read it by the aid of the flickering lamplight. The last thing



#### Pennis.

he saw was the blood-smeared face of his old servant bent over the little round yellow light.

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It was daylight when he came to himself, though he was conscious of this only by feeling the sun streaming upon his closed eyelids. He lay absolutely motionless in a sort of paralysis of fear and apprehension, becoming slowly conscious of strange dull pains in various parts of his body. of sensations of icy chill here and there, and of a curious sense of numbness and compression in other places. Courage came to him as he began to reflect that he was not at the immediate point of death, whatever his condition might be. His heart was beating; he breathed, with some difficulty it is true, and although he felt very weak, and suffered from the nausea that follows physical shock, his head was quite clear, and he felt conscious of a returning vitality. His stiffness and chill must be, he thought, the effect of the coagulated blood which had dried on him during the night. He could not bear to open his eyes and to see it.

What was he to do? Could he, unaided, staunch his own wounds, and find strength to crawl for a quarter of a mile for help at the nearest dwelling? Could he even get as far as the road, there to lie and wait for the unlikely appearance of some tradesman or chance way-farer? A sudden chill of fear went through him as he felt the door of the room gently open. It was Dennis, he thought — Dennis come back to finish his horrible work. He held his breath as he heard steps approach his bed.

# "21Tade in France." 🧚

The sheet was drawn back, and in a moment he felt the touch of water upon his flesh. Dennis was washing off the stains of blood! What would he do next? Take his victim away and bury him? Where? The Doctor began vaguely to wonder where it would be, whether under the cellar or in the great sandpit at the end of the garden. He opened one eye very slightly, and, as he saw the face of Dennis above him, such a quick horror seized upon him that he trembled in every limb, and for a few moments lapsed into unconsciousness.

When his mind came back he found the washing still going on, and he noted with wonder that Dennis's touch was both gentle and firm. Then he felt his servant draw the edges of the



wounds together, and it was no longer possible for him to doubt that the strange creature who had half murdered him was now trying to undo his own work and to save his master's life.

# Pennis.

For a few dazed moments the Doctor lay still, trying to get this through his head. Then the professional man came uppermost in him, and he calmly remarked, without opening his eyes:

"You'd better put some peroxide of hy-

drogen in that water."

And the voice of Dennis responded as calmly:

"I 've got it in, sir; same as you always use."

Doctor Pessels opened his eyes, expecting to see before him a vision of blood. Instead he found himself lying on a bed of snowy cleanness, his body swathed in cool bandages, and with no more trace of last night's hideons scene about him than if it had never been enacted. Dennis bent over him, pale, but with compressed features.

"Do you know what you have done?" demanded Dr. Pessels, who was too simple and direct in thought and speech to be much troubled

with vain timorousness.

"Yes, sir," said Dennis, growing a shade paler.

"You have come within an ace of being a murderer," went on the Doctor, sternly.

"I know it, sir," returned Dennis, without ceasing in his ministrations.

"And what are you going to do now?" asked the Doctor.

"I'm going to cure you, Doctor dear," Dennis replied, his voice breaking with a husky sound. "I'm going to cure you, and you know well there's none that can do it like me. And if I bring you round, and you won't give me up to the law, I'll serve you faithful all my life. I will,

### \* "Made in France." \*

Doctor, while there's breath in me. Only tell me you won't give me up to the law!"

For some long instants the two men looked at each other. Then Doctor Pessels said:

"I won't give you up to the law, Dennis. You have my word."

Dennis had spoken truly when he said that he could care for the Doctor better than any one else. Never in his life had the Doctor been so cared for, so watched over, so ceaselessly, so gently, or so thoughtfully and wisely tended. Dennis had always been a good nurse, especially in surgical cases. The Doctor had taught him to be a good cook, and as an attached, faithful and attentive domestic, this midnight assassin had no equal. Night and day he was at the Doctor's bedside, always ready to foresee and forerun his slightest wish, always respectful, solicitous, attentive, silent. And day and night the Doctor lay there and wondered what on earth he was going

Of course his first thought was to ship his terrible servitor out of the country; then, as he grew better, and realized how dependent he had grown to be upon this perfect and unfailing service, and on a thousand little cares and comforts which no one else could provide for him, he began to change his mind. Of course his faith in human nature had received a rude shock; the Doctor decided positively, after very carefully considering the matter, that he really could never feel again toward Dennis as he had felt before

to do with Dennis when he got well again — for

he was rapidly recovering.

#### Pennis. \*

what he termed in his own thought "the incident." But then, he reflected, the very happening that had given him a lifelong distrust of Dennis had given him a lifelong hold over that strange creature. If he could no longer believe in the devotion of love, he certainly could count on the devotion born of fear. And in the end he decided to keep Dennis.

Life went on much as usual in the stone house on the hill. No one outside the house knew of "the incident." No one had ever been encouraged to call, and it was County Fair season, when no one's absence from town was likely to create much comment. When the Doctor appeared on the street again, it was easy to explain the stiffness in his shoulder and the scar on his scalp by the explanation that he had at last fallen down a dangerous flight of stone steps in front of his house, as many people had predicted he some day would.

Dennis was the same old Dennis as of yore. The Doctor leaned rather more on him day by day — nay, more — having taken stock with the devil, he began to draw his dividends. It was unwise, he said to himself, to cross Dennis in the one passion, or mania, or whatever it might be called, that was the mainspring of his "eccentricities." He took Dennis's advice about his new reckonings with the manufacturers who paid him royalty, and indeed, made Dennis to some extent his agent. The Doctor found himself growing rich, really rich, rich enough to satisfy demands much more exacting than those of his simple laziness. He did not quite realize what this meant, however, until he went away for a little trip to



re-establish his health, and found out what people out in the world think of a man who does n't have to be particular to a few hundreds in what he spends for his pleasure. It really seemed, he thought, to please the other people more even than it pleased him.

. It was the day after the Doctor returned from his trip. He was walking up and down in front of his house, looking across the valley to where great heavy clouds were pushing unmistakable snow-signs up into a bright November sky. He had just been exhibiting to Dennis the great fur overcoat he had purchased in his wanderings, and now he was listening to Dennis's account of his stewardship during the master's absence. With

#### P Dennis.

a complacency that would have been impossible to him three months before, the Doctor heard how Dennis had collected, to the last penny and with interest, a certain debt owed to the inventor of the Gargle by a dishonest compounder of drugs in the county town.

Turning in their walk, almost as Dennis pronounced the name of the place, they saw two representatives of that seat of law standing at the very gate. One was the well-known figure of the county-sheriff; his companion was a policeman in uniform.

Dennis raised a yell of affright to heaven.

"You've given me up!" he cried. "You've given me up to the law!"

Dr. Pessels was utterly taken back.

"No - certainly not - never!" he stam-



mered. "Why, Dennis, you know I could n't do such a thing as that!"

"What's this, Doctor?" called the Sheriff cheerily as he advanced up the walk; "have you been lodging information against your man?"

# 🏞 "Made in France." 🧩

"1?" cried the Doctor, indignantly; "no; never! I promised him at the time-"

"At what time?" The Sheriff snapped this out in such a peremptory way that the Doctor's mouth answered before the Doctor's mind was aware of it:

"The time he tried to kill me."

"Tried to kill you!" repeated the Sheriff.

"To kill you!" echoed the policeman.

"Yes," said the poor Doctor: "but upon my honor I —"

"We'll attend to this in regular order," said the Sheriff sternly, as he slipped the hand-cuffs on Dennis's helpless wrists; "we did n't come after this man for attempt to kill; we want him for petty larceny. He stole a plush perfumery case and a letter-scales out of a druggist's shop over in our place, while he was collecting an account for you, and he was seen to bring them home and hide them behind your barn. Got a spade?"

When they dug up the hiding place of Dennis's thefts, they found the decayed and mildewed remains of aimless magpie pilferings which must have represented a year's accumulation. Here he had hidden a wonderful collection of odds and ends - a pair of baby's shoes, an empty cruetstand, a plowshare, a silver candlestick, a milkcan and an enamelled watch.

On the trial for assault with attempt to kill, the defense was insanity. The Prosecuting Attorney did his best to make a point of Dennis's business sagacity, but he had very little chance with the eloquent and pathetic orator whom Dr. Pessels had engaged to appear for the defense. This gentleman got the aimless and purposeless

### Pennis.

thefts into evidence somehow or other, and he expatiated on Dennis's devoted fidelity to the master against whom in a moment of madness he had raised his hand, until the women in the audience wept effusively; Dr. Pessels let his honest tears stream down his simple, fat face; the jurors were, as the reporters say, "visibly affected," and even the judge looked at the ceiling and cleared his throat.

"And why," demanded counsel for the Defense, fervently, "why, after this catastrophe, did this employer retain in his service this domestic who had sought his life? Why did he turn to him for care, for attendance, for

affection? Why, when, through

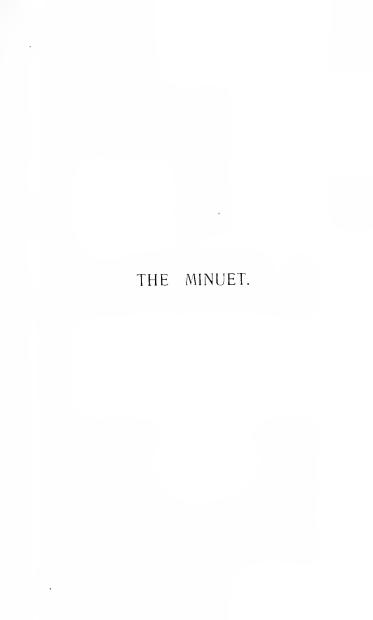
the faithful nursing of this victim of a moment's frenzy,—for I say to you, gentlemen, he, and not the man he struck, is the victim in this case—why did this employer retain him in his service, confide to his keeping higher trusts, and clasp him to his bosom closer than ever before?"

The speaker paused with extended hand. Dr. Pessels evidently thought that he was directly appealed to.

"Because it's so everlasting hard to get any sort of a good servant nowadays," he replied huskily, through his tears.

The jury evidently thought so too. Dennis is in the State Insane Asylum.





#### THE MINUET.

HEN I had read through the letter signed Rodman Kernochan, I had some difficulty in associating the idea of its authorship with the idea of the man with whom I had had a brief but pleasant acquaintance eight or ten years before.

I had had a sort of stag-party and publicdinner friendship with him during one notably hilarious season in New York, but he was at that time a soldier in the United States Army, and he had all his life been a soldier in that larger army of the Soldiers of Fortune; and so it happened that we were not much thrown together. Later, when I think I might have seen more of him, he fell heir to some immense fortune and went abroad to live. My clearest memory of him was the picture my mind had preserved of our parting hand-clasp on the steamer's deck.

As I remembered Captain Kernochan, he was a big, strong, heavy man, rather slow and quiet and self-contained, with hair and moustache prematurely gray, stiff, thick and bristling like thatch. His complexion was ruddy, almost rubicund: the complexion of a man who lived well and fed hearty appetites; yet who observed a

#### The Minuet. \*

certain sturdy temperance. His features were hard in form and expression; only his eyes, which were large, dark-brown and somewhat sad, seemed capable of kindness. In manners I remembered him quiet, reserved and courteous; a man who listened much and talked rarely; and who, when he did talk, talked admirably well; thoughtfully, and with a cultured grace in his low, pleasant tones. You felt that you would not care to enlist as a private in that Captain's company if an easy life were your ambition; but that if you were a private in his company, you would go to the bottom of the Devil's pit for him.

Here is his letter:

"You told me once, my dear sir, that your business (so you called it,) as a student of human nature, had made you more indulgent of the absurdities and inconsistencies of humanity than of many of its commonplace virtues. I am going to trust to that indulgence that you will not laugh at my present request, as I am sure I can trust to your kindness not to refuse it.

"You used sometimes to reproach me with what you called the callosity of my sympathies, especially in matters of patriotism and humane sentiment. The reproach was just. I have knocked around the world so much and so long; I have seen so much of life's miseries and hardships and pains and horrors that I suppose I have grown insensible and even indifferent to human

#### \* "Made in France." 🚏

suffering. Nay, I know that I could not have got that reputation, as 1 certainly have, without earning it. And when I say that I have seen, without much wear and tear on my heart-strings, five months in the prison-pen at Andersonville, five years of Indian warfare, two epidemics of cholera and one of yellow-fever, a conflagration in which hundreds perished, and much more than one man's fair allowance of 'moving accidents by flood and field,' you will understand why I have to ask the indulgence of your experience to believe that there are afflictions of my fellowmen so trifling that most people would consider them fanciful, which yet have the power to touch me with a poignant pain, to fix themselves in my memory as grief for the dead is fixed in other minds, and to haunt me for years with an inextinguishable pity and an unsatisfied desire to help and solace.

"My story takes me back a quarter of a century in a life that has been full of fantastic changes. I was then a young man of twentythree, still broken in health with my confinement at Andersonville, alone in New York, without friends, and with very little money, studying hard for a profession for which I had little liking and less capacity. I lived, for economy's sake, near what was then Manhattanville, and not far from the old Bloomingdale Road. That delightful old highway was already beginning to disappear under the pick and shovel, to make way for a 'boulevard' and the rest of that system of socalled 'improvements,' which I suppose by this time has left little trace of the outskirts of the town as I knew them.

#### the Minuet. \*

"I was no more of a patriot in those days than I am now; one city was the same to me as another, and one street meant no more to me than the next. So, though I was fond enough of my pleasant surroundings in that good oldfashioned neighborhood, I could not designate to you by any reference to landmarks where it was that I found, somewhere between Central Park and the North River - perhaps in the thenunfinished part of the park itself, a great oldfashioned place which had once been the residence of some historic gentleman whose name I have forgotten. It was a grand old house, standing in grounds that must have covered many acres, and that had once been cultivated with exquisite taste. There were many such places in the region at that time, most of them dropping into decay; but this was of all of them the largest, seemingly the oldest, and its grounds were the most quaintly laid out in flower-gardens and formal shrubberies — lanes of box and avenues of privet, and here and there great ragged evergreens of all sorts slowly growing out of the odd shapes into which some Dutch gardener had clipped them a century before. And all this stood in the way of some devilish 'improvement' - was it a bouleyard or an aqueduct or a horse-car line or what? I have forgotten; but I know that the beautiful place was doomed to destruction, and I know for a long time it seemed that I was the only one who would mourn its fall

"There was a great old flower-garden at the back of the house, where I used to go to read and study, partly because I loved to walk between the neglected beds that still kept up some pitiful

#### "Made in france." 🔭

show of flowering within their sturdy borders of box, and to catch smells of honeysuckle and southernwood; and partly because in that secluded spot I could not hear the pickaxes of the sappers and miners in the van of the March of Progress, nor see the scar they were making on the face of nature.



"For a long time I thought—indeed I was sure—that I was the only human being who frequented the place; but after a while, as familiarity trained my eye to notice little things, I became conscious of the fact that some other person or persons shared my love for the old garden. He, she, or they shared also my reverent respect for it, and refrained from ravaging the beds or spoiling the flowering shrubs. I permitted myself a modest posy for my button-hole: so, it seemed, did some one else. I found this out when I got to noticing how many flowers there were in certain favorite clumps of mine. By and by,

#### The Minuet. \*

becoming interested and curious, for never had I seen a soul within the enclosure, I searched for footsteps and found them. It was no easy task, for the walks had the smoothness and firmness of great old age, but by diligent scrutiny of every patch of dust or mould, I finally discovered and individualized, if I may so express it, two different footprints; and I satisfied myself that, save my own, none but those two pairs of feet trod the garden paths.

"Both were small feet—one a man's and one a woman's - and both were peculiar. The man wore shoes with the narrow, square, sharp-cornered toe that is affected by South Americans and Cubans - I believe it is called the Creole or Spanish toe. The print of the woman's sole was beautifully small and dainty; but the shape and the character of the impression puzzled me much, until I guessed the truth: that she wore slippers - and uncommonly small slippers, too. Therefore, I reasoned, she must live near by.

"I was twenty-three years old, as I have told you, and I made up my mind to find out who that woman was. Perhaps I should say that I determined to discover the woman and the man. but as for the man, his toes had already prejudiced me against him. And he seemed, at the best, unnecessary. So you see that I, too, have been twenty-three. I suppose some people would not believe it of me.

"My hours in the garden had been invariable. From nine, when I finished my breakfast, to eleven when I went to my lectures; and from seven, when I finished my dinner, until eight, when I returned to my room to begin my evening's



work. The day after I made my resolve I took an early breakfast; went to my garden, and entered it noiselessly by one of the privet-bordered paths, whose high hedge would screen me from observation, while it allowed me to peep through its straggling twigs.

"I had not gone half the length of the path when I saw him — for it was the man and he was alone. The first thing that I saw of him was his square-toed shoes; then, as I raised my eyes I saw one of the oddest and one of the oldest

## The Minuet. \*

figures that I have ever encountered. The square-toed shoes were low-cut, with silver buckles. The breeches were tight to the leg, of black broad-cloth somewhat shiny with age. Then came a yellow nankeen waistcoat and a swallow-tail coat of a faded mulberry color, with very small silver buttons. A great black satin stock enveloped the neck. The hat that went with this costume was a beaver, a real beaver, a genuine antique, fuzzy, with a crown like an inverted bell, and a wonderfully broad rolling brim. I think you will understand what I mean when I say that that hat was an improbable hat. I know that I stood and stared at it for a minute or two, slowly taking in all its queerness be-

fore I thought of inspecting its wearer any further.

wearer any further.
"We speak often of a

costume suiting its wearer. In this case I should rather say that the man suited his costume. He was old, incredibly old in the face, clean shaven, wrinkled, yellow as old ivory—and his wig! It absolutely made you believe in the hat; it was such a marvel of curly, shiny, pomaded, jet-black juvenility. And yet for all its obvious age it was a sprightly figure that walked

briskly along the garden paths, evidently taking a morning constitutional. And there was something positively fascinating in the amiable, intelligent, interested way in which that wrinkled

## \* "Made in france." \*

old face grinned and grimaced and mowed at the empty air as though it held converse with the invisible.

"For half an hour I watched him as he walked smartly about the grounds; and then I went away half ashamed of thus spying on his privacy, and yet too bashful to present myself to his notice, although the oddity and eccentricity of his appearance had already so caught my fancy and aroused my wonder that I had quite forgotten to trouble myself about the yet undiscovered wearer of the dainty feminine slippers. It must have been indeed a fascination that brought me back the same hour the next morning, and the morning after that, just to watch the brisk little old man from behind my screen of shrubbery. And on that third morning I saw a sight that held me spell-bound.

"The old man stopped short in his promenade and tapped the firm smooth walk two or three times with the tip of his toe. Then he took three steps forward, made a low bow — a very low bow - with his hands spread out, then took three steps back, and then, with the rapidity and agility of a fighting-cock, skipped fifteen or twenty feet forward, rose a good half-a-yard into the air, and cut a pigeon-wing the like of which I had never seen before. Down he came, back he skipped; then to right, then to left; he bowed, he smirked, he waved his hands in the air, he flourished his lean old legs in marvelous intricate steps, advancing, retreating, turning and twirling, swinging this way and that in airy circles and semi-circles, and each time that he came back to the place from which he started, he drew the tips



of his shrivelled fingers together, raised them to his lips, threw a kiss to an imaginary public, and made three low bows, right, left and centre, while his poor old yellow features were twisted and puckered with grimaces of delighted vanity. He was dancing.

"After that I had to make his acquaintance; and a few days later I did; contriving to enter the garden just as he left it, and to pass the time of day with him, as when I was a boy in the country it was customary to do with any stranger met upon the highway. I expected to find him shy and embarrassed, but he was not, in the least. To my salutation of 'A fine day, sir!' he answered cordially and pleasantly:

"Indeed it is, sir, and quite like the weather we used to have."

"In a week we were good friends, and I knew his whole history. Do you know who he was? He was Camanti, the old dancing master, the man who taught the modish people of New York to dance, who directed their balls and chose their music and formed their code of etiquette—in my father's time! Think of it, my dear sir, his life in the world had ended before mine began, and to all intents and purposes two centuries shook hands in our two persons.

"And then I heard about the slippers. Proud as he was of the triumphs of his past, in America and in France—he was ballet master at the opera in Paris during the latter part of Napoléon's consulate, and emigrated in 1805, in testimony of his principles, being unable to bear the sight of the Corsican upstart declared Emperor and seated on the throne of the Bourbons—he was prouder still of something else; and when he told me of it he got up from his seat as if to speak with more respect.

"'It may not have escaped your memory, sir, that I have the honor of being the husband of la Cerita!'

"It had indeed escaped my memory, but I could quite clearly recall my father's enthusiastic ravings over that incomparable queen of dancers, beside whom, in his opinion, all other artists of the ballet were clumsy charlatans.

"It was she who came to the garden with him, and the footprint I had seen was made by the woman out of whose slipper a King of France once drank champagne. But, as he remarked, his wife was no longer in her first youth, (as far as I can make out she must have been sixty and

#### The Minuet. \*

he eighty-five or six at this time,) and she promenaded herself only in what he called 'the choice of the day'—namely, the dry warm hours of the early afternoon.

- "I presented myself at the court of the exqueen a few days later. She was a little old woman dressed in a limp, shiny, old-fashioned silk; faded, wrinkled, exquisitely neat, and gentle and sweet, with a smell of pot-pourri about her—which is in part the reason why the thought of a withered rose-petal always comes to me when I remember her.
- "It was to these old people that I said one day:
- ""What was the Minuet? Will you not tell me something about the Minuet?"
- "Camanti gave a little start, his fingers trembled and a touch of color rose to his yellow cheek.
- "'It is—no, it was the Dance of Kings, and it died with the Kings. There are Kings no more and there will no more be a Minuet. In all the world there was never—no, never—such a dance as the Minuet.'
- "I tried to make him describe it, to tell me something of its figures and steps, but its intricacies and refinements were very soon too much for his English. At last he turned to his wife who sat silent, smelling now and then of a spray of southernwood which she held daintily between the tips of her fingers.
- "'Madam,' he said, 'would you have the grace to illustrate for this gentleman?'
- "She rose and cast a timorous glance about her, as if to assure herself that no one else was



looking. Then without a word she took her place opposite him and I saw the Minuet danced.

"Backward and forward they went, bowing and smiling to each other, with coquettish gesticulations and bows and curtseys of profoundly ceremonious salutation. They advanced, they retreated, they crossed, they circled, they kissed their hands and made their bows to partners who danced only in their fond old eyes; they waved their trembling hands in the air, and sprang up from time to time in funny little old-fashioned steps, like the marionette figures that used to dance in a glass box on the top of a certain kind of street organ. Left over from the last century, these two pitiful, odd old figures went through

#### The Minuet. \*

every least step and movement of that forgotten dance, to music that had been a lifetime mute.

"I sat and watched them, with something in my throat that forbade me to laugh, until they reached the end and the old man gave a quick little upward glance, as though to see some long-dead leader drop his bâton. They stood for a moment face to face, looking fixedly at each other, as though they were slowly coming to themselves after a moment of rapturous ecstacy, and then, sobbing like children, they fell into each other's arms.

\*

"That is all my story. A few days later I went to Mexico and took service in the army of Juarez; and never again did I see either of my two strange friends. And that I never have seen them; that I never, in all my years of wandering, sought them out to show them some trivial kindness: that I was not with them when the old man died, to give my arm to the poor old woman who survived him, and to make this frail creature. so long tenderly watched over and cared for by her adoring husband, feel that there was at least one person left in the world to whom she could turn for sympathy and attention—this, my friend, this has for twenty-five years weighed on a conscience callous enough to the memory of a hundred atrocities which I have seen unmoved and unstirred to pity.

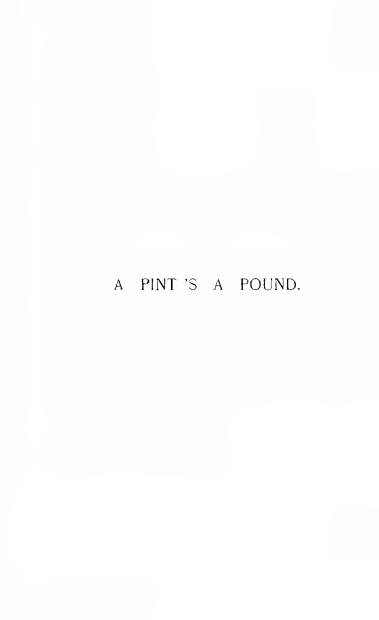
"Camanti is dead. Long ago, when I was in the Sandwich Islands, I read of his demise in a newspaper that was then three years old. Why I

## \* "Made in France." \*

never made search for his widow I do not know. Perhaps it is because I have weakly tried to cherish all these years the remembrance of them as I saw them in that sweet old garden that so became them, and that I have been just coward enough to avoid facing the certain discovery that this last pleasure had been taken out of their gentle and loving old lives.

"This brings me to my request. A few days ago, I saw in an obscure French theatrical paper a statement that the grave of the great Cerita in Calvary Cemetery, New York, was without a stone. What I ask of you is to see if this be so, and to use the enclosed draft in providing a fitting sepulchre for my two old friends, wherever they may lie."

I shall do what Kernochan asked me to, but not until Spring, when I shall lay upon the tomb of the two old people a bunch of violets that grow in a certain old-fashioned garden I know of, so that I, too, may have a part in this old-time friendship.



#### A PINT 'S A POUND.

HEN THE Circuit Judge had seen his horse put up in the stable of the one nameless tavern at Pondwater Court-House, had taken a drink at the bar of the establishment, in company with another bar - namely, the entire legal profession of Pondwater County, consisting of Mr. Hi Baker, the local lawyer, a short and very slouchy oldish man, with a stubbly, rounded gray beard; Mr. Woodruff Sitz, the lawyer from Walloon, and Ex-Judge Pumfert, who kept the hotel, and who, occasionally, when he was sober, took assignments to defend, he looked inquiringly at the Sheriff, who had just come in, and stood swinging the Court-House keys and gazing suggestively at the bar.

"Any business, Mr. Huff?" he inquired.

The Circuit Judge was a tall, thin, clean-shaven man with prominent aquiline features, a keen eye and a fine mop of wavy dark hair crowning his high forehead. He was younger than his companions; but it was easy to see that they looked up to him as a man of greater fibre and greater vigor: indeed, he had lawyer, politician and People's Choice written all over him.



A smile of amused reflection stirred the tobacco-stained corners of the Sheriff's mouth.

"Well," he said, slowly, stroking his beard, "got something amusing, anyway. Got an assault-and-battery case from over Huckleberry Hill, and two of them old original Huckleberry Hunkers locked up in the stone crock. My! ain't them two specimens! Eh, Hi?"

"Guess His Honor ain't seen nothing like them yet," assented Mr. Baker, with a nod of conviction and an expressive shift of his quid.

"They talk about them Digger Injins in Californy," broke in the Ex-Judge, his hoarse deep voice booming like a rusty bell, "I don't believe they are one mite wussen that lot on the other side of Huckleberry Hill. Civilization! Why, they don't know the meaning of the word. There ain't a one of them can read or write, and their morals, sir, their morals, would suit a—a—a hog."

"Would n't suit no hog ever I see," said the Sheriff, tersely.

#### \* "217ade in France." \*

"No, nor me neither," Mr. Baker agreed with him, shifting the quid back. "I never see no hog was n't a gentleman alongside of a Huckleberry Hill man. And sows," he concluded, reflectively, "are the Queen of England alongside of their women."

"How's that, Sitz?" inquired the Circuit Judge, addressing the third man, who had not yet spoken. He, too, was lank and clean shaven; but his hair was gray and his features were of a saturnine cast. You saw at once that he, too, was a lawyer and a politician—also, that he never had been and never would be the People's Choice. His response was dry and brief.

"Ain't sayin' nothin'. My case."

"Oh!" said the Circuit Judge. "In that case, gentlemen, take a drink with me and we'll get to business."

The drink was taken, and they all set out for the little stone court-house at the other end of the village street, the Sheriff, a smile of satisfaction now illuminating his face, having taken his place by the side of the Circuit Judge. He dangled his big keys as he walked, making them clink pleasantly; and in that simple suggestion of official power began and ended all outward and ceremonial show of the majesty and dignity of the law in Pondwater County.

As they walked along, the Sheriff told the Judge brief tales of the wretchedly degraded, recklessly happy outcasts who lived on the further side of the mountain, scraping a mean livelihood out of huckleberry-picking in the season, and hunting and fishing the rest of the year. They formed just such a colony as may still be found



in many of the wild forest-regions of the more mountainous parts of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey—the shrewd, ignorant, lawless, lazy offspring of early settlers of the class known in the South as "poor white trash."

The legal party came to the ridiculous little Grecian temple, in yellowing moss-stained stucco, which served Pondwater County for a temple of the law. The Sheriff unlocked the door of the musty little court-room, and went around to the jail-wing at the back to get his prisoners. The others filed in and took their places, the Circuit Judge climbing carefully to his seat on a perilously small platform, and dusting the chair carefully before he sat down. A few country people lounged in, a few boys filtered in, a few girls peeped in, only the tips of their sun-bonnets showing above, around the edge of the door, and

#### "Made in France."

the tips of their prehensile toes below, crisped up tight and scraping at the sill. At last the Sheriff arrived with his prisoners, and Court was opened. The Sheriff stood behind his two prisoners as they sat on a long seat under the Judge's desk.

"Miss Sprull," he called out, "Hi, you there, Sairey, come up here!"



At this command, a tall, gaunt woman with a thin face, whose leathery skin was almost of the same pale-brown hue of her coarse wispy hair, dragged tight over her head and tied behind in a knot the size of a hickory-nut, stalked up the narrow aisle with a loose swinging step. In one hand she held by its strings a black bonnet of a marvelous antique pattern, stained, bedraggled and twisted out of shape. Her dress, or at least, the garment which hung on her, was of calico as faded and weather-beaten as her complexion; and her feet displayed a pair of huge, shapeless prunella shoes that must have been purchased a generation before that session of court. She sat



down on the extreme end of the bench on which sat the two prisoners. She gave no sign of noticing them, and yet, in all that countryfied assemblage, she and they evidently belonged to a class apart from all the rest.

They were both dressed in homespun, and for dirty, defiant raggedness, it was a stand-off between them. As a Study in Faded Browns either of them would have taken the first prize in a competition of artists' models.

Reuben Gruder was short, squat and froglike. His inconceivably short neck set his fat, solemn face on a slant, so that his bulging eyes seemed to look straight up in the air, instead of before him. He sat with his hands folded under his round belly, and his serious features gave as much indication of the character of his thoughts as the face of the Egyptian Sphinx gives of her

## 😭 "Made in France." 🧩

contract-price. But Jake Hyker, his partner in crime, was a man of immoderate tallness. He must have been over six feet and a half high, and when he stood on end, swaying irregularly to-andfro, balanced by the enormous red hands that hung almost down to his knees, he seemed about to break at the joints, like a mast ill-spliced in several places. The head on the top of this great, grotesque, big-boned, knob-jointed, uncouth creature was hardly larger than an ordinary man's two fists, set with the second knuckles and the heels of the palms together - and that is an illustration suggested also by the shape of the odd cranium, for his skull seemed to slope both ways from a median ridge-pole. His voice, as he answered to his name - rising to his full height and wavering disjointedly as he stood - was of a character that belonged distinctively to the little cocoanut head, and not at all to the great bony corn-shock body. Thin, high, querulous, penetrating, with a curious metallic quaver in it that seemed to be always hanging on the edge of a musical cadence, it squawked out in the little court-room, ringing, strong and pervasive, and its sound seemed to stir in all those who heard it a spasmodic impulse of involuntary, unthinking laughter.

Mr. Sitz arose, representing the plaintiff, to make a brief statement of the facts in the case.

"Your Honor," he said, "this here is one of the most extree-ordinary cases that has ever come under my notice. I propose to show you, sir, that these two men here, Reuben Gruder and Jacob Hyker, have made an attempt upon the life of this here lady, Miss Sarah Oreanna Sprull,

## \* "A Pint's a Pound." \*

of the most diabolical and peculiar character. I should premise, Your Honor, by saying that this man Gruder, who seems to be the instigator of the villainy is, or was, at the time of the commission of the crime, engaged to be married to this plaintiff. And I will show you, sir, that on the thirtieth day of last month, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, this here Gruder, accompanied by this here Hyker, entered the house of this here plaintiff, and indooced her, by means of a pecuniary consideration, to enter a hogshead of water—"

"Hi, what 's that, Brother Sitz?" interrupted the Judge, startled out of his judicial gravity.

"Indooced this here lady to enter a hogshead of water," went on Brother Sitz, with impressive dignity; "wherein, she being therein, this here Gruder, aided and abetted by this here Hyker, did feloniously, violently and by force of arms, thrust under the water the head of this here lady, meaning thereby to deprive her of life, and of the means of breathing air. Your Honor, I will now call the plaintiff to the stand. Miss Sprull, get up there in that chair by Mr. Huff."

All eyes were fixed in strained attention upon Miss Sarah Oreanna Sprull, as she clambered into the chair which the Sheriff had placed upon the flat side of a shoe-box.

"Miss Sprull," said her counsel, "do you recognize these two men?"

"I do," said Miss Sprull, with rasping emphasis.

"This here man, Reuben Gruder, is or was, on the thirtieth day of August last, your affianced husband—that is, he was engaged to be married

#### \* "Made in France." \*

to you? I understand you to say yes. This here is the man?"

"That's him," said Miss Sprull, promptly; "and he's a no-good."

"And this here Hyker is the man who was with him on the day mentioned?"

"That 's him," Miss Sprull assented; "and he's another."

"Now, Miss Sprull," said her counsel, parting his coat-tails preparatory to sitting down, "will you have the goodness to tell His Honor what happened at your house on the day mentioned?"

"I was peelin' inions," began Miss Sprull, without the slightest hesitation, "when Reuben Gruder come in with that Jake Hyker. And as soon as I sot eyes on them, I knowed there was something wrong. They ain't neither of them much good by themselves, but when them two gits together, they ain't no good at all. Reuben, he come up to me, and he says, 'Sarah,' says he, 'do you want to make three shillin'?' 'Course 1 do, you fool,' says I. 'All right,' says he; and out he and that Hyker goes, and gits the big hogshead that stands under the rain-spout, and fetches it right into my kitchen and sets it down in the middle of my clean floor. 'There,' he says, 'now you fill that up plum-full with water, and Jake here, he'll give you three shillin' for the job.' 'Soft water or hard?' says 1. 'It don't make no difference,' says he. Well, I knowed he had his pockets full, that Gruder, for I knowed he 'd just sold a steer, and I seen they was both full; and thinks I to myself, thinks I, 'three shillin' is three shillin',' and I just goes and fetches

## "A Pint's a Pound." \*

a bucket; and I was one hour a fillin' that dratted barrel. And them fellows had a bottle with them, and first one would take a drink out of it, and then the other, until you could n't hardly tell which was which. And when I gets the barrel plum full and runnin' over, I says to them, 'There you are,' I says. And that Hyker, he paid the three shillin', paid it right down. Oh,



I knowed he was full the moment I sot eyes on him. And then Gruder says to me, 'Do you want to make another three shillin'?' says he. 'Course I do,' says I. 'What do them brogans of yours weigh?' says he. 'I don't know,' says I; 'I ain't never weighed 'em.' 'Take 'em off,' says he, and I took 'em off. And then, right like that, 'fore I knowed what they was going to do, Gruder, he picks me up by the feet, and Hyker, he ketches me by the back of my neck, and Jedge, as I 'm a living woman, them two villains soused me right into that hogshead, and the water was that cold I was most froze to death. Then



Hyker, he says, 'Her head goes, too,' and Gruder, he says, 'Her head goes, too,' and they jabbed my head right under the water. I like to drownded. Then I hollered, and I guess they got sort of scared. Anyways they took me out. I could n't never have got out of myself. I was near froze, and scared half out of my life, and I just hoofed it all the way to town. And Mr. Huff, he went up and arrested them. And I ain't never felt just right since," concluded Miss Sprull, glancing at her counsel with the satisfied air of a witness who has done her full duty.

Looks of amazement and incredulity were exchanged all over the Court room. At the request of Mr. Sitz, the Sheriff ascended the stand, and testified briefly concerning the arrest of the prisoners.

## TA Dint's a Dound."

"They were fighting each other when I got there," he said; "but they was both of them too intoxicated to do each other any hurt."

"What was the subject of the contention?"

inquired the Circuit Judge.

"I dunno," said the Sheriff. "I could n't make out. This man Gruder, here, he was too drunk to talk, and all the way down to the jail the other man was trying to get at him, and kept a-hollering out, 'A pint 's a pound!' 'A pint 's a pound!' and calling him profane and blasphemeous names."

The Circuit Judge cast a puzzled look first at one and then at the other of the two prisoners, who sat imperturbably on their bench, their features displaying no interest whatever. At last he said:

"Jacob Hyker, it appears from the Sheriff's statement that you were less under the influence of liquor than your companion. Take the stand, and the Court will hear what you have to say for vourself."

Calmly, deliberately, and without a trace of embarrassment in his manner, Mr. Hyker ascended the stand, took a seat, and cheerfully announced to the entire Court-room, in his clearest nasal twang:

"I was biled."

Here Mr. Gruder suddenly awoke to an instant of interest in the proceedings, and from his seat addressed the witness, in the way of correction.

"I was biled," he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Hyker, with the air of giving a thoughtful opinion; "you was cert'nly biled."

## \* "Made in france." 🚏

"If you said we was both biled, you would n't be telling no lies," continued Mr. Gruder.

"Well," said the witness to the Circuit Judge, "we was both biled, him and me."

"Do you mean that you were in-

toxicated?" asked the Court.

"Of course," said Mr. Hyker; "did n't I tell you we was biled? Like as it might have happened to any of you gentlemen here," he added, with a wave of his hand that included the whole legal profession. "You see it come about this way. I'll tell you just how it happened."

Mr. Hyker leaned back in his chair and crossed his long legs. He felt that he had an agreeable and interesting story to narrate, and he wore a mien of cheerful confidence.

"Here's how it was: Gruder, he come to my place about eight o'clock Monday morning, and I guess he had a load on then. I thought so then; but it's kinder hard to tell. There ain't much difference in Gruder whether he's got a load on or whether he ain't. Well, him and me, we had two or three drinks, may be more. First thing I knowed he bust out crying. Then, of course, I see he had a load on. But it's just this way with me, gentlemen, I can't stand it. Often as I've seen that man drunk, every time he busts out crying it makes me feel bad. Says I to him, 'What 's the matter?' says I. Says he to me, 'l 've give my word to marry Sairey Oreanna Sprull,' says he, 'and I ain't fitten,' says he; 'I am that drunk and shif'less and wuthless,' says he,

## TA Pint's a Pound."

'that I ain't fitten to marry no respectable woman,' says he; 'and besides,' says he, 'I sold a steer yesterday,' he says, 'and I 've got the money in my clo'es, and I want to go to a ball to-morrow night down Walloon way, and there 's another gal down there,' he says, 'that I might have if I chose; and I don't feel like it was right for me to marry Sairey Oreanna and get drunk and break her heart, and I wisht I was dead,' says he.

"'Well,' says I to him, 'what 's to hinder your breakin' off with Sairey Oreanna? If you don't marry her,' says I, 'what does she care how drunk you get?' 'Oh,' says he, 'I could n't do no such a thing as that,' says he. 'Ain't I passed my word to Sairey Oreanna that I'd marry her?' Well, says I, if she wants to get shet of you on account of your wuthlessness, that 's a different thing, ain't it?' says I. 'T ain't she that wants to get shet of me,' says he. 'Oh,' says I, 'it's you that wants to get shet of her?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'that ain't exactly what I set out to say,' says he, 'but I guess that 's near enough. Anyways,' he says, 'I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I'll go and get another bottle, and we'll talk it over and try and find out just what I do mean.'

"Well, we got another bottle, him and me, and we talked it over, and we come to the conclusion that him being so wuthless, Sairey Oreanna ought to be let get shet of him; but, however, that it was n't no ways right that Sairey Oreanna should be left without no man at all to marry her. Well, finally I says, says I, 'see here, I 'll do it; I 'll marry Sairey Oreanna.' Yes, I know I had n't ought to have said it, but I had n't seen Sairey Oreanna in four years, and it

## \* "Made in france." \*

gets dreffle lonesome up on the mountain sometimes, and I was biled. I was reel biled, Jedge.

"You will?' says he. 'I will,' says I. 'You will not,' says he. 'Why will I not?' says I. 'Where do I come in?' he says; 'do you think I'm going to give you up my gal and not get nothin' for it? I'm your friend, Hyker,' says he, but in a matter like this there ain't no such a thing as friendship. It 's business. If you want to take that lady away from me,' he says, 'you've got to pay for her, every cent she's wuth.' 'Well, what is she wuth?' says I. 'On the hoof?' says he. 'Yes, on the hoof,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I don't rightly know. How would seven cents a pound strike you?' You see, Jedge, we was biled. That was all.

"Well, the upshot of it all was, I agreed to take his gal off his hands, and pay him seven cents a pound for her. I had n't got my wits about me that day, Jedge; for a fact, I had n't. Then the question come up, how was we to weigh her? There was n't no scales within five miles of Huckelberry Hill, and we knowed she would n't never come down here to town to be weighed. We was biled, but we knowed that. Well, first off we did n't know what to do; and then I says to him, says 1, 'here,' says 1, 'I'll go and get a bottle this time, and we'll talk this thing over.' And, Jedge, he had n't taken more 'n two drinks out of that bottle before that man had an idee that would n't have come to me if I'd waited a hundred years. When he's real biled, Gruder is sometimes right smart, he is. Says he to me, 'We'll fix it this way: A pint 's a pound, ain't it?' 'Yes,' says I, 'a pint's a pound.' You

# 🦟 "A Pint's a Pound." 🛷

know that rhyme, Jedge, 'A pint's a pound, the world around.' 'Yes,' I says to him; 'that's right;

that 's so. A pint 's a pound, sure.'

"'Well, then,' he says, 'I 'll tell you what we 'll do. We take a hogshead and fill it plumfull of water. Then we put Sairey Oreanna into it, and what runs over is her weight. For every pint she runs she 's a pound on the scales.' See the point, Jedge?

"Well, I did n't at first, myself. Says I, Gruder, that there water will run away,' says I. You can't measure spilt water, no way,' says I. Measure your grandmother, Jake,' says he; 'you ain't got no more sense than a sick cow,' Jake says to me. 'When you take the lady out of the hogshead,' says he, 'you fill it right up again; and as many pints as you put in,' he says, 'that 's as many pounds as she weighs,' says he. Now, do you see, Jedge?

"Well, we went around to her house, and the minute I seen her, I see the joke was on Gruder. Jest look, Jedge, how she is—nothing but skin and bones. Ain't even got a head-full of hair. Why, if it was n't for them shoes of hern, she'd blow away. Dry hay would be juicy to her. Why, I see at a glance there was n't a hundred weight of her, such as it was. Oh, yes, Jedge, I see I had a big joke on Gruder.

"Well, you heered her tell her end of the story. She told it about right. That's correct,

Jedge. That 's the way it happened.

"But I tell you, the joke come when she run out of the house and we set to work fillin' up the barrel. Jedge, you ought to have seen Gruder's face when we'd finished the count. You'd 'a'

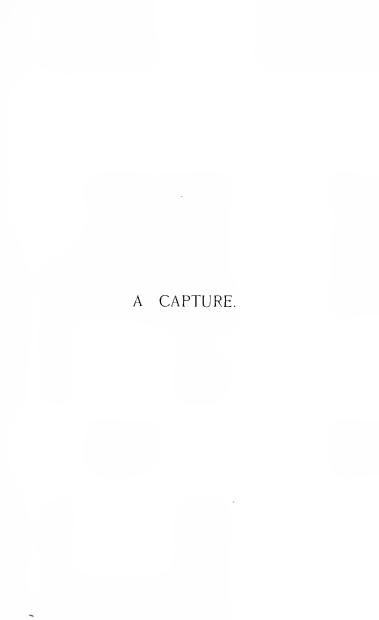
## \* "Ntade in France." 🤏

died laughin'. Jedge, she did n't weigh ninety-seven pounds. As true as I 'm settin' here, ninety-six pints and one gill was all we could get into that barrel without running over. And when Gruder see he was n't going to get no more than \$6.75, he was so mad we just had to fight. That 's when Mr. Huff come in and interrupted us.

"But I had the joke on Gruder. 'A pint's a pound,' I says to him; 'them was your words. A pint's a pound, the world around. Stick to your bargain,' says I. 'A pint's a pound, Gruder,' I says; 'a pint's a pound.'"

"This case," said the Circuit Judge, rising from his seat, and addressing a tumultuous assemblage, "will be settled out of Court."





#### A CAPTURE.

T WAS a dark night—a night of silence and snow and of an infinite loneliness. It had been snowing since noon, not hard, but ceaselessly; a damp heavy snow, with no breath of wind to stir it; and now that the evening had set in, it seemed as though it were beginning to return whence it came, in the

thin pale fog that was rising from the bottomlands of the valley. Everywhere the white carpet stretched; roads and paths were blotted from sight and the snowy shroud covered the trees of the forest where we walked. There was no sound there but the fall of our feet, or the low thud of an over-burdened bough letting down its damp load—save when at long intervals a dry twig snapped with a noise like a distant pistol-shot.

"This night," said my French friend, Gaston, breaking the silence we had maintained for the last two miles, "reminds me of a certain night twenty-one years ago that I passed in a forest just like this, except that there were wolves there, and Prussians. No two days are exactly alike; but there are some nights, especially some Winter nights, that seem to repeat themselves exactly.

## R Capture. \*

The night I speak of was known in Rethel, where I was quartered — (it was in our War, you know: what you call the Franco-Prussian War,) as Berthine's Night — la nuit à Berthine. Did I ever tell you about Berthine Pichon? No? Well, then, I will tell you the story now. It is odd enough; and perhaps it may take a quarter of a mile off our way. Anything is better than this hideous silence, which bores me and gives me my nerves."

And my mercurial Gallic friend tamped the brierwood pipe he was smoking under the cover



of his hand, shrugged the snow off his broad shoulders, cursed the weather, and then told me this tale, as we walked on through the silent forest in the deepening night.

"I was at Rethel that devilish Winter, detached from my regiment and in charge of a sort of militia organization which the people of the town had got up. Rethel is an out-of-the-way

## 🚏 "Made in France." 🥻

place, but it is an old town with traditions and fortifications, and the citizens had determined to resist the invaders and to stand a siege, if neces-Of course most of their able-bodied men were away in the army; but they bought guns and some old-fashioned artillery, that happily never had to be fired off, and they drilled like good fellows, under my command - all sorts and conditions of men: butchers and bakers and grocers and lawyers and notaries and carpenters and even apothecaries. Oh, I tell you, they meant it, too! They were only too anxious for the Prussians to come. But the days and weeks went on and the Prussians did not come. They were in the neighborhood, sometimes within eight or ten miles of the town, but on the other side of the forest. Several times they did enter the forest, but I suppose it was only for wood, or perhaps for game. At any rate, as it turned out, they did not want Rethel. We knew of all their movements, for we had the best sentinel in the world: an old gamekeeper and forester who lived in a little house in the very heart of the wood, and who could hear a rabbit wag its tail, as far off, my friend, as you could see.

"This old man was named Nicolas Pichon, and Berthine was his daughter. She was a fine, strapping big girl—I think that she and her father were rather superior in every way, physically, mentally and morally, to the most of the peasants in that region. These things sometimes happen in a country that has had a few centuries of feudal rule. At any rate, she was what you might call a fine figure of a girl: big, plump, rosy, as strong as an ox, and afraid of neither wolves

#### \* A Capture. \*

nor Prussians. On the night of which I speak—the night that was so like this—the old man had gone into town to notify us that a detachment of Prussian infantry had passed near his house that day. He generally reported once or twice a week, and took provisions back with him when he returned. He lived in a small old stone house eight miles from Rethel; and he made nothing of running the whole distance—running, remember—and back in the course of an evening. He took his two great big hounds with him to defend him from the wolves, which were ferocious in the Winter time; and the two women barricaded



themselves in the house until his return. They were safe enough there; the house had stood for centuries, and I suppose it is as strong to-day as it ever was. It frightened the old mother to be left in this way, and she sometimes complained to me when I went out there, as we officers occasionally did, to get a shot at a deer or a bird. We did not live high that Winter at Rethel, I can tell you! I never saw Berthine afraid, however. She simply laughed at the idea of harm coming her way.

"On this particular evening, after the old man had slipped off in the darkness, Berthine split the wood for that night and the next day; drew the water, and, after she had fastened the door, to please her mother, she set about making soup in the kettle. That is pretty much the staple diet of those peasants: thin soup for the poor days, cabbage soup for the rich days. Tonight they were to have cabbage soup, so that they might save something good for the father to refresh himself with when he got home. And let me tell you that old mother Pichon and Berthine made a very good cabbage soup for a hungry man. It is not to be despised.

"It was just about this time of night when the two women heard a sound of men marching close to the house. The old mother was much alarmed; and she nearly fell off her chair with fright when she heard a musket-butt rapping on the door. But Berthine only took her father's heavy revolver down from the chimney piece and slipped it into the pocket of her woollen petticoat, such as our peasants wear; then she listened at the door. She heard a deep bass voice saying with a strong German accent, 'Open!'

"'Who are you?' she asked.

"'Corporal and five privates,' said the German voice.

"'What do you want?' Berthine demanded.

"We have lost our way,' the German answered, and we want to get in. If you don't open the door we'll break it in.' (They have no manners, those Prussians.)

"Berthine had no choice. The door was of oak, heavy and strong, like everything about the

## 🗫 Ä Capture. 👺

house; but of course six men could break it in. and there was nothing to do but to open to them. When she did so she saw six big bearded fellows



covered with snow, and looking very cold and uncomfortable.

". What do you want at this hour of the night?' she asked.

"'We 've lost our way, I tell you,' said the corporal, grunting it out in very bad French, and none of us has had anything to eat since the morning. I remembered passing your house earlier in the day; but I've been two hours finding it again.'

"Berthine looked him straight in the face.

"'There is no one here,' she said, 'but my old mother and myself."

"The officer was a decent sort of fellow for a Prussian.

". We don't want to hurt you,' he said; 'I give you my word, we'll make you no trouble; 99

but we 've got to have something to eat and we 've got to rest. My men are almost dead.'

"'Come in,' she said, standing back from the door, and they filed in. They dragged their heavy feet as if they had hardly strength enough to take another step, and they were almost too tired to shake off the snow that covered them. They sat down wearily on the two benches between which stood the table.

"'You do look worn out,' said Berthine as she closed the door after them; 'I 'll make you some soup; it 's the best I can do for you.'

"'Anything will do,' said the Prussian,

weariedly.

"The old mother was still spinning, as she had been when the strangers first knocked. She had not dared stir from her wheel, but spun on silently, casting frightened looks at the soldiers out of the corner of her eye. She need not have alarmed herself. Hunger and fatigue had made them tame enough, and they sat like six good little children on their benches, watching Berthine make the soup.

"She went about it as coolly and unconcernedly as though they had not been present. She added hot water to increase the volume of liquid in the kettle, and then made up its richness by the addition of potatos, more cabbage and a great piece of salt-pork. The soldiers looked on as though they could eat it, kettle and all, and it must have seemed a long time to everyone before that soup was ready. When it was placed before them, at last, they fell upon it like half-starved creatures, taking it in with brutish noises, and swallowing the potatos, when they came to them,



as though they were strawberries. The privates said nothing, but the corporal grunted in his barbarous accent, 'good, good!' Finally he found himself sufficiently fortified to begin to feel like himself again, and he asked Berthine if there was anything to drink in the house.

"'I have only cider,' she answered him.

"'Give us some; there's a good girl,' he said.

"Moving thoughtfully, and with something in her manner that probably attracted the attention of the officer, Berthine took a big, old-fashioned key from the wall, unlocked and opened the great trap-door in the corner of the room, and went down the winding stone steps into the cellar. She was gone a long time; so long a time that the corporal grew uneasy, and when a strange, uncanny sound suddenly broke the stillness, he drew his revolver quickly and looked across the room at the old woman. She rose trembling in affright.

"'It is only the wolves, sir,' she cried.

"'Wolves!' repeated the corporal, incredulously; but he went to the door, and, opening it

cautiously, looked out and saw the gaunt gray

shapes prowling about in the snow.

"'Well,' he said, good-naturedly, as he bolted the door and returned to his place, 'I would n't have believed it, old woman. We did better than we knew when we paid you this visit, did n't we?' And he shook his great yellow beard in laughter at his own joke.

"Berthine came up from the cellar with the cider, a generous big stone pitcher full, and she gave it to her uninvited guests with a pleasant smile upon her face. They had it gulped down in a minute or two, and twice she re-filled it for them, each time with a still more pleasant smile upon her face; which, let me assure you, my friend, was a very peculiar thing for a French peasant woman giving away cider.

"By the time they had finished the third pitcher, fatigue and their heavy drink had so told on them that they began to fall asleep where

they sat.

"Stretch yourselves out in front of the fire there,' said Berthine, kindly; 'there's room enough for you all. My mother and I will take our supper over here; and when we are through we will go up to bed. You'd better put on another log.'

"The soldiers stretched themselves out on the stone floor; the two women made a hasty meal of what remained of the soup, first secretly setting aside a portion to be kept for the father; and then they climbed up the ladder to the garret that served them as bed-chamber, and left the lower story to their visitors. The flickering firelight played on six bearded Prussian faces; the

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oaken rafters thrilled with six different kind of Prussian snores.

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"They had slept long enough to be at sleep's heaviest, when a gun-shot rang out on the air seemingly far off, yet so exaggerated in loudness by the sounds of the night that it might have come from under the very eaves. The six soldiers leaped to their feet, and stood gazing at each other in drowsy amazement. Another shot followed at once, and then, after a longer interval, two more. Suddenly a form dropped among them from the low ceiling. It was Berthine, who had swung herself down through the opening from the garret, disdaining the help of the ladder. She held a lighted candle in her hand, and its yellow flame illuminated her fine figure. She was barefooted, bare-armed, and clad only in her primitive peasant's night-dress, a coarse linen chemise and a short petticoat. Her eyes blazed with anxious excitement.

"For heaven's sake, get out of the house!' she cried; 'it is the French regiment from the town — five hundred of them — and if they find you here they will burn the house over our heads, and perhaps kill my mother and me for giving you shelter. Make haste, there is no time to be lost!' And she moved toward the door.

"The man's face reddened.

"'How can we go?' he asked sullenly. 'My men would be shot down in a moment.' And even as he spoke two more shots were heard close at hand. Berthine cast her eyes about her,

as if in desperate search of some way out of the

difficulty.

"Get down into the cellar, then,' she cried, hurriedly, and keep quiet. I'll tell you when they are gone.'



"She raised the heavy trap-door. The corporal grinned with delight, slapped her cordially on the shoulder, called her a clever girl; and the six men, with their guns and overcoats, filed noise-lessly down the winding stone stairs. As the spike of the last helmet disappeared from sight, Berthine let down the trap-door quickly and silently, and the moment it was down she leaped upon it with cat-like rapidity, and, leaning over, gave the key two quick turns. Then, with her strong forefinger, she cleaned the dust and dirt of the floor out of two bolt heads at the sides of the trap, and shot the rusty bolts.

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"She stood erect as her mother came down the ladder, climbing with nervous clutches at the rounds, for in one skinny hand she held her husband's big revolver, still smoking and smelling of powder. It was she who had been detailed to fire out of the furthest window of the garret the shots from the heavy weapon which had sounded like the reports of a distant musket. She stood bent and trembling, looking at her daughter, while Berthine, with her hands on her broad hips, twisted and swayed and writhed in a convulsion of silent laughter.

"Berthine returned to

her garret, slipped on her dress and came back to the lower room. In silence she and her mother began to warm up the soup they had secreted; for it was getting to be time for the father's return. But it was not long before the sound of voices under their feet told them that the suspicions of their captives had been awakened. Then the butt of a gun thwacked against the under side of the trap-door, and the corporal's guttural voice called upon them to open. Berthine deigned no response to this command. She was not a woman to waste words; she knew well that hammering down a front-door was one thing, and striking up a heavy bolted trap another; and that there was no other opening into that

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cellar of thick masonry save one little grated slit made for ventilation.

"'Open!' came the muffled voice of the Prussian, 'or I'll break the door.'

"Break all you want to, my lad,' said Berthine pleasantly, as she stirred the soup.

"Berthine was big, healthy and magnanimous. It was her little, old, wrinkled mother. who all these hours had cowered in silent fear. who now burst into a tempest of raging triumph. Crouching over the trap, she hurled gross insults down at her daughter's captives, calling them hogs and wolves and robbers, imitating their guttural accents, and mocking their bad French. In the end, when her voice failed her, she grasped her skirts in both hands, pulled them up to the level of her knees, and danced a really preposterous jig of the early days of her youth. She subsequently re-enacted the whole scene for my benefit; and I assure you that if a Chinese idol came to life, it could not do anything more grotesque or surprising.

"She stopped exhausted as Berthine raised a warning hand. Afar in the woods sounded a strange note, like the screech-owl's, yet, to a forester's ear, unlike. The two women heard it in spite of the hubbub that the prisoners made, beating on the stone ceiling and firing their guns through the grating, to attract the attention of any comrades who might be in search of them. Berthine put her head out of the door and answered with the same cry. It came back again, and again she answered it. Two great dogs burst out of the darkness and leaped upon her, caressing her and whining with pleasure.



She held them firmly by their broad leather collars, and called to her father, whose tall form could be seen emerging from the thicket.

"Don't pass in front of the grating! The cellar is full of Prussians!"

"The old man changed his course and entered the house. He gave the two women no further greeting than to repeat interrogatively:

"The cellar is full of Prussians?"

"'Yes,' said his daughter, calmly.

"He sat down at the table; she placed his soup before him, and he ate steadily on with the stolid gravity of a peasant, while his daughter told her story, punctuated by the blows of musket-butts beneath the floor, and the crash of shots fired through the grated slit. The smell of the powder-smoke mingled with the scent of the hot soup and the pungent aroma of the wood-

fire. The story and the soup were finished together. The old man made no comment whatever. He merely said, 'What shall I do now?' and, as he waited for his daughter's reply, wiped up the soup in the bottom of the kettle with crusts of rye bread, which he fed to his dogs.

"'Go back to town,' said his daughter, 'and

notify the Lieutenant.'

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"And so I was notified. It was not much over an hour-and-a-half later when that tireless old man reached the gates of Rethel, where the outpost brought him in. In ten minutes the call to arms was sounding in every direction; the bells rang, and the whole town was topsy-turvy. The militia rushed to the public square and fell in line, with a terrible amount of noise. We Frenchmen—noise is to us what a good drink of whiskey is to you.

"They really did very well, however. Had they been regulars they could hardly have been much more prompt in getting off; and so we went marching through the forest singing and hurrahing, as though we were celebrating the defeat of the whole Prussian army, instead of the trapping of five privates and a corporal in a peasant girl's cellar.

"As we drew near the scene of action I stopped their noise, of course; and it was that march through the silent snow-covered forest that impressed 'Berthine's Night' on my mind. There was something ghastly about it. At one point in a great clearing the road doubled on itself, to



climb a steep hill. As we reached the top of the double and looked down to the place where our ascent had begun, fifteen minutes before, we could see that the steadily falling snow had aheady obliterated our footprints. It was like a white sea that crawled behind us, covering up every trace of our passage.

"When we reached the cottage all was still and silent. If it had not been for the smell of powder in the air, I should hardly have believed in the existence of the captive Prussians. Berthine opened the door and stood upon the sill, calm and unmoved as though her father had not brought a delegation of two hundred French soldiers home with him. I do not know how those long and trying hours of waiting had gone with her; but if they had troubled her placid spirit, she gave no sign. Standing in the doorway, she repeated her warning to every one who approached:

"Don't get in front of the grating!"

"The soldiers were drawn up a couple of hundred feet from the house, and bonfires were lighted for warmth and light. I entered the house,

and going to the trap-door I addressed the silent cellar.

" 'Is there a Prussian officer there?'

"There might have been no one at all there for any answer I got. Again and again I addressed the invisible, but no sound came back through the floor. I offered that corporal all the blessings of an honorable surrender, but he gave no sign in answer.

"Meanwhile something was going on outside that I should not have approved of. My men, of course, were standing at ease. That is to say, they were running, jumping and stamping to keep their feet warm. Finally some daredevil had discovered that infernal grating, and nothing would do him but he must run across its range, as a boy might run across the danger-space in the game that we call barres in France - you call it prisoner's base, I think. This struck some of the others as a most amusing sport, and the more fleet-footed kept it up for a while, without drawing the enemy's fire. Then there came along a little fat, round baker, named Malet, who was generally called the Bun, on account of his shape. They dared the Bun to make the trial; and, of course, he did it, with a funny little trot that made the men laugh. He had got nearly out of range, when a flash of fire shot from the grating, and Malet went over on his back with a kick and a howl, throwing his own gun over his head. struck a stone and went off. Its muzzle pointed almost straight at the grating. We conjectured that it hit somebody, for an exclamation came from the cellar, but whether of rage or pain we could not make out. Malet crawled and rolled out of

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danger. He was wounded in his thigh; but not badly. When I had reformed our lines and left Malet in the surgeon's hands, I returned to the cottage for a council of war, and

found Berthine still standing in the doorway, looking at the picturesque scene — the soldiers, the snow, the great fires, the gleaming arms with the indifferent curiosity of a well-fed cow.

"'Well, my girl,' I said, this is a pretty piece of business. You got your men in

the cellar; but how are we to get them out?'

"She answered me in her matter-of-fact way:
"They drank up all our cider last night,

why don't you give them a drink of water now?'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'There is the pump,' she said, pointing to it; 'and there are gutters under all the eaves of the house. You can take them down and use them. But you should put them back again.'

"That was all the council of war. In ten minutes those gutters were down, stretched from an auger-hole which we made in the trap door, through the window, to the nozzle of the big wooden pump. Three men ranged themselves on each side of the long handle, and in a short time the current of clear icy water was rushing down the line of wooden troughs and pouring a steady stream into the cellar.

"The cellar was small and shallow; but, as you know, it takes a long time to fill even the smallest of cellars through an auger-hole. The

#### 😭 "Ullabe in France." 🧚

snow had stopped, and the East was red with morning, before we heard from that cave of gloom any other sound than the steady fall of the water. B-r-r-r! but it was shivering cold, that water! Then we heard the hoarsest Prussian voice that ever was dreamed of, say through the grating:

" 'Mr. Officer!"

"The corporal desired to surrender. At my orders he passed the arms of the detachment up through the grating, simply remarking:

"'Make haste, I am dying; and my men are

nearly drowned.'

"We opened the trap-door, and the corporal's head appeared, pale and ghastly. Two of his men were supporting him. Malet's fallen gun had actually shot him, and straight through the body.

"When we had warmed our prisoners so that they could walk, we started back for Rethel, carry-



ing the wounded Bun on a stretcher. The injured Prussian we left behind us, as our surgeon reported him too dangerously hurt to be moved at present.

#### \* A Capture. \*

"This happened in the latter part of January; and it was that very day, by chance, that the Prussian troops in our neighborhood were ordered to Paris. This was fortunate for Berthine and her family, and was probably the only thing that saved them from the vengeance of the invaders; for when the Prussians learned what had become of their scouting expedition, they were as wild with rage as we, in Rethel, were with exultation.

"The little town went fairly mad with a frenzy of pride and enthusiasm; and the good people of Rethel were quite as silly and extravagant as - well, as any community that has lost its head over a woman. They got up a popular subscription and gave Berthine Pichon a sum of money; I have forgotten how much, but it was a large sum for the time and place. The family was presented with the thanks of the town in a silver casket, and Berthine received from the Municipality a cask of rare old wine, to which, I suppose, she preferred her own cider. The Pompiers - Fire Department, that is - sent her a mantel-piece clock with an alabaster pump on it, and she had a medal or testimonial from every religious society in the city. And when the war ended, in February, and I was ordered away from Rethel, the Berthine fever had reached such a height that they were talking about establishing an annual festival in her honor.

"It was not a time for festivals, however, and the absurd scheme was abandoned; but when I came back to Rethel, early in April, the excitement had broken out in a new form, and I found a most curious dispute referred to me for decision. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard that

the Maire of the town and my old friend Malet, the wounded baker, the Bun, were quarrelling as to which should marry Berthine Pichon, a girl who could not read or write. I ventured to suggest that she was hardly a match for either of the well-to-do and highly respectable townspeople, but they were quite indignant over it.

"'She is of the aristocracy of patriotism,'

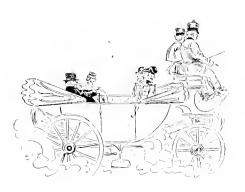
said Malet.

"She is another Joan of Arc,' said the Maire.

"As ex-commandant, I was forced to settle between them.—I decided in favor of both; suggesting that they should make their offers in order of seniority, and leave it to Berthine to express her personal preferences, if she had any.—My decision was regarded as novel and original, but perfectly satisfactory.

"But I did not know what I had let myself in for, until the Maire insisted that I should drive with him in state to demand of Nicolas Pichon the hand of his daughter. And, my friend, I had to go; and I must tell you how we went.

"I have lived so long in America now that I can understand how impossibly ridiculous it must seem to you; but at the time I was only mildly amused when I found myself rolling through the forest in a big open carriage, conducted by a liveried coachman and footman. I was in full uniform, and I sat by the side of the Maire, who was in evening dress—yes, in swallow-tail coat and white kid gloves, at eleven o'clock in the morning. That 's the way they do it in France when they go to make a formal offer of marriage—not addressed to the young



lady herself, you know, but to the young lady's papa. On the front seat were two gorgeously caparisoned beadles, borrowed from the Cathedral to lend state and dignity to the occasion. Oh, I wish I could have been as much of an American then as I am now, to have been able to realize how funny we were, that carriage-load, as we swept grandly along the high-road through the forest, where the trees were just beginning to turn green and yellow with Spring, and the young frogs were piping in the marshes, and the sun shone on us in all our glory!

"When we came to the historic cottage, old Pichon was chopping wood before the door. He looked up at us sullenly, and without saying a word went on with his task. The footman descended and announced the Maire of the City of Rethel. Then the old man looked up, with insolent rage glaring out of his little eyes.

"'To the devil with your city of Rethel! It has cost me my daughter; and now I must chop wood in my old age!'

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"'Cost you your daughter?' stammered the Maire, bewildered.

"'Yes,' said the old man; 'you've set her crazy among you with your nonsense; and now she and her clock and the silver box and the money you gave her—all the money—all the money, do you hear?—they have all gone with that cursèd Prussian who was to have died and did n't.'

"It was true. The modern Joan of Arc had fallen in love with the captive who had been left with her to be nursed; and as she could never have dared marry him openly, and face the wrath of her fellow-citizens, she had slipped away with him by night, not forgetting to take with her the rewards of her patriotism.

"We afterwards heard," concluded Gaston, stopping to refill his pipe as we reached the edge of the woods, and saw the lights of our destination glimmering ahead of us far down the misty valley, pale through the silent-falling snow, "that the corporal rejoined the Prussian army, and got his discharge and a present of money, for having turned the laugh on us; and that the married pair emigrated to Canada, and have done very well for themselves. And this night, my friend, — this night is exactly like Berthine's night, *la nuit à Berthine*, — and this snow will stop just as the sky begins to grow

And it did.

red."



#### UNCLE ATTICUS.

CCASIONALLY, in the quarter of an hour that comes just before the third meal of the day, and that the liberal-minded sometimes punctuate with a cocktail, the home-seeking toilers of a busy little provincial city in a New England state were treated to a strange and puzzling spectacle.

Along the crowded main thoroughfare of the town a man of imposing mien would stalk, apparently in busy haste. He wore a black broadcloth coat with long flapping lapels; a waistcoat that was sometimes white and always rumpled; a seldom renewed white tie was hidden by his spreading gravish beard which lay all over his broad breast and reached to his ample stomach. As this gentleman passed the door of a certain liquor saloon in his hurried and preoccupied advance, the swinging portals slowly opened and another gentleman appeared in the doorway, a large man, also, and with a white waistcoat, but there all the resemblance ended. This man's waistcoat was immaculately clean, and the rest of his attire was that of a prosperous business man who patronizes a good tailor. This gentleman had closely trimmed mutton-chop whiskers, a red



nose and an expression, naturally jovial, which changed to that of an infuriated cherub, as he shook a fat, dumpy fist at the back of the fastdisappearing man with a beard; and cursed him in language of the strongest opprobrium. Then behind this person would appear a third, a slim young man, very correctly and quietly dressed, a man with a small moustache and a cold and cynical eye, who gently lured the elder man back into the barroom with sage and soothing whispers. And if, as he terminated this peculiar scene by coaxing the stout gentleman back within the swinging doors, a quiet smile lit up the faces of the passers-by, and was somewhat coldly reflected in his own, both he and they felt that the nephew of Uncle Atticus could well afford that smile.

This sight was no mystery to the town's-people. The unconscious object of the mutton-

chop-whiskered man's wrath was the Rev. Mr. Seedley Studder, an evangelical missionary to the heathen, of great popularity and prominence in his own sect, temporarily on collection duty in Wakeham. The man with the whiskers was Mr. Q. P. Atticus Jarbey, the millionaire manufacturer of shovels, who was called a good fellow by his friends, and a scoffer by the church-going population. The third was his only nephew and his chosen boon-companion, Theodore.

Mr. Jarbey, or Uncle Atticus, as the whole town called him, was rather more than a mere scoffer. He was a man with an anti-religious He hated all creeds and all confessions. and, curiously enough, he hated the various religions in the ratio of the popularity and simplicity of their observances. That is to say, while he held all religious sects to be enemies of those principles of pure reason and mature judgement in the choice of spirituous liquor by which he sought to guide his own mortal existence, he could respect as open foes such as declared their hostility by uniforms and other outward signs; whereas those who were in the livery of the world, yet concealed a pious creed within their breast, he regarded as hypocritical counterfeiters of honest worldliness

"When a man puts on a red night-gown," said Mr. Jarbey, oratorically, "and goes sashaying up and down in front of a painted statue, why, you know what to expect of him. But when a man like that nigger-hunting parson there can grow a beard such as he's got, and raise a belly such as he's got, why, I expect to find a man like that coming out with the boys and taking his tod

#### Mucle Attions.

sociable and friendly and with no cussed nonsense about it. And when I find that he ain't — when I find that he 's concealing the principles of religion under an exterior like that — why, I want to pulverize him. I'll eat my hat if I don't!" And Mr. Jarbey pounded savagely on the bar. "What's that? Oh, yes; same again, Charles. See what these gentlemen'll have."

Being a wealthy bachelor retired from business, Mr. Jarbey had of course to have something to interest him in life, and his two chief joys were anti-clerical demonstrations and reckless indulgence in spasmodic bursts of gluttony. He drank all the time; but so steady, regular, and well-established was the habit with him, that his system



seemed to have accustomed itself to it, all except his nose — which day by day took on a more genial glow. It was in his consumption of food that he went on regular sprees, filling himself with rich and highly spiced edibles and eating himself, so to speak, to a standstill. Then a terrible attack of indigestion and dyspepsia would reduce him to a physical wreck, and frighten him into observing

a brief period of temperance; leaving him after a little, to resume a way of life that was certainly not characteristic of a consistent rationalist. To head off these gluttonous outbursts, or to mitigate in some measure the direful consequences of them, was Nephew Theodore's principal walk in life, although he also went through the form of keeping up a not very exacting law practice. As a lawyer Theodore Jarbey may have been of small account, but as a guardian comrade, and promoter of moderation, the cool-blooded and well-instructed youth performed his duties with the unflagging zeal of an assured inheritor who can well afford to bide his time.

Theodore was more than suspected of fostering his Uncle's irreligious tendencies, in order to keep the elder man's mind occupied; and when the Daughters of Temperance, the Society for Religious Advancement and the Light-Bearers' League held their united six-days' convention in Wakeham, Theodore did not lose the opportunity to stir up Mr. Jarbey's wrath against the flood of prosclyting females that swept down upon the town.

Now it may not seem to most people that there is anything to excite great rage in the sight of a couple of thousand enthusiastic ladies bustling about, with no worse purpose in view than to hold meetings, sing hymns, denounce the Demon Drink, and save the lost souls of their fellowmortals. But there are bigots who call themselves rationalists as well as bigots who call themselves Christians, and the generally good-natured soul of Mr. Jarbey fairly sizzled within him, when he saw the streets of the town invaded by these

#### Mucle Atticus.

daughters of righteousness - and certainly they were not quite so attractive to look at as some of their more worldly sisters. Perhaps it was the badges that irritated Mr. Jarbey; for it must be confessed that silk and celluloid badges are irritating to some dispositions. Perhaps it was the dresses, the best of which were, as Theodore remarked, pretty quisby. Whatever it was, it so worked on Mr. Jarbey's spirit that he felt he had to take some steps to counteract the evil influence. Warfare upon the women themselves being out of the question, Mr. Jarbey resolved on holding the Rev. Mr. Studder responsible for what he called "the whole caboodle," and challenging him to any sort of public combat he might elect, from a street-fight to a rifle-duel. It was with difficulty made clear to Mr. Jarbey that this plan was not feasible, and he sulked for two days. At the end of this time, he announced to Theodore and the rest of his companions at McGinty's gilded bar, that "he 'd got an act that would do 'em." Against the half-hearted remonstrances of his friends, and the only too sincere and fervent protestations of his nephew, Mr. Jarbey proceeded to carry his plan into effect.

It was on Saturday night, the night of the "Great Double Memorial Meeting in Remembrance of the Martyred Missionaries of the Sandwich Islands and Seringapatam" that at half-past five in the afternoon the first installment of the Daughters of Temperance went into Fitts's Restaurant to get their supper. Mr. Fitts had the only restaurant and ice-cream saloon of any size or standing in Wakeham, and it was not a very spacious establishment, being the ordinary long,

narrow room of that sort of little-city restaurant which affects tables covered with marbled enamel-cloth, and clock-work wooden fans which swing slowly and uselessly around, while the flies sit on them and record their impressions. At the back, a few steps led up to a private room where Mr. Fitts could, and did, on certain occasions, entertain his wealthier guests with suppers where he served oysters and terrapin and canvas-back duck that had undoubtedly stopped in

New York on their way up from
Maryland. Mr. Fitts had taken
the contract for feeding several
hundreds of the feminine army;
and the limited resources of his

place obliged him to take them in installments, fifty or so at a time, snatching those hurried, motley meals that women love — tomato-soup, a cup of chocolate, ice-cream and chatter being the usual formula. The first delegation that entered, on this evening consecrated to mourning remembrance, came in and sat down, all talking at once. They stopped suddenly in their agreeable conversation, and a hush of horror came upon the assemblage, as they heard roars of masculine merriment issuing from the back-room, saw two perspiring waiters staggering in with a tub of ice stuck thick with champagne bottles, and then, looking up, saw Uncle Atticus Jarbey leading six other godless but convivial sinners in a bacchanalian orgie that bid fair to be, as he had promised to make it, "the highest old time anybody ever had in the town of Wakeham."

Uncle Atticus kept his promise. All that evening, as new installments of the fair children



of righteousness continued to appear and got mixed up with the scattered and disorganized groups of earlier arrivals, a throng of excited and generally flustered women surged in and out of Fitts's restaurant, shrilly protesting against the outrage of being forced to witness such a scandal, and driving the head-waiter nearly frantic in his endeavors to explain to them that in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Fitts—who had happened to go, that morning, to Siberia or South America, or some other equally inaccessible place, for a day's fishing -- he, the head-waiter, could do nothing except to serve both lines of custom according to orders. Some of the holder spirits among the Daughters and Light Bearers conceived a scheme for getting ahead of the mammon of unrighteousness by buying up Fitts's stock of champagne and pouring it into the gutter. Uncle Atticus roared with delight when the news was brought to him, and sent for telegraph blanks to order champagne by special train from New York and Boston; while the more practical headwaiter privily sent out a boy to notify all the saloon-keepers in the neighborhood to put every drop of fizz they had on the ice without delay.

They might have spared themselves their precautions, however. The first lady in the champagne-spilling syndicate seized a bottle by the neck and pounded it down on the curb-stone as though she was smashing in the head of the whole Rum-Power at one glorious blow. Then the waiter gave her a check for three dollars and fifty cents, and she fainted.

Fitts's front room had long been empty, save for drowsy waiters and hackmen; and the virtuous flock of temperance were all in bed and asleep when Mr. Atticus Jarbey's "high time" came to an end by ignominiously prostrating Mr. Jarbey on the floor, helpless, agonized, and gasping in a severe attack of indigestion. His nephew, and another member of the merry company, who had kept sober for that purpose, took the foe of religion home; and with great difficulty got him to bed, and left him lying there, inert, uncomfortable, frightened and wretched in body and mind. When they got outside the door, the other good Samaritan suggested the employment of a physician; but Theodore would not hear of it. His uncle, he knew, had hardly more liking for doctors than for divines; and, moreover, he himself had secretly made inquiries of a specialist in dyspensia, which satisfied him that his uncle's attacks, though they certainly were disagreeable and annoying, were in nowise alarming in their nature. So the two parted, and Theodore set out for his own home.

Something in the cool night-air set the moderate quantity of champagne which he had drunk to working within his brain. Now that his immediate responsibility and care were at an end he could enjoy the absurdity of the evening,

#### Mucle Atticus.

and give himself up to the pleasant exhilaration of the sparkling wine.

It was this exhilaration that put an idea into his head—a wild idea for a brain which was usually an uncommonly cool and calculating organ of thought. He grinned sardonically as he turned that idea over in the brain. After a moment, he crossed the street and furiously rang the bell and madly pounded on the front door of the Rev. Mr. Seedley Studder, until that able missionary to the heathen made his appearance, looming gigantic in a yellow flannel dressing-gown.

"The Rev. Mr. Studder, I believe?" demanded Theodore hurriedly.

"Yes, sir," replied the missionary, staring hard at his visitor. It was a strange face to him — which was not unnatural under the circumstances.

"You are the clergyman,—the missionary,—who came here some time ago from South America?"

"From South Africa," corrected Mr. Studder.

"Yes, certainly," Theodore cheerfully assented, unabashed; "well, you 're wanted right away across the road, five doors down, Mr. Atticus Jarbey. He's very sick and wants to see you at once."

"Mr. Atticus Jarbey?" repeated the clergyman, perplexed; "why, I thought,—I thought he was not—"

"Not religious? Well, he was n't, very much," replied Theodore, calmly, "but he 's dying now; and I guess he 's changed his mind. At any rate he wants you, the worst way, and you 'd better go quick."

## 🎓 "21Tade in France." 🤏

The Rev. Mr. Studder's face lit up and he rubbed his hands almost gleefully.

"Not with me," Theodore re-

"I'll be with you in a moment," he said.

turned, promptly; "I 'm going for the doctor. You see, I' m of the other way of thinking, myself, governor. I don't believe I'd add any lustre

to the occasion."

"Very well," said the clergyman, frowning sternly; "whom shall I say told me to come?"

"I guess you need n't mention my name, dominie," said his visitor, with a knowing wink. "Might complicate matters in the family. Call me a seraphic visitor, or a celestial messenger-boy or anything you want to.

But man alive!" he concluded,

in tones of astonished rebuke, "you want to hurry up, or you'll be too late." And he sped off down the street.

The Rev. Mr. Studder hurried into his clothes and crossed the street to the silent mansion of Mr. Jarbey, where only a pale night-lamp glowed in the great room on the second floor.

"What a horrible thing," thought the Reverend gentleman, "for that godless old man, if he is as godless as I have been told—to die attended only by that graceless reprobate!"

#### Mucle Atticus.

From a recessed doorway further along the street, Theodore watched the missionary disappear into the house of Uncle Atticus. He grinned in his malicious, half-intoxicated glee as he tried to picture to himself the encounter that was about to take place. Under ordinary circumstances it would probably have resulted in battle, murder, and the sudden death of the missionary. But Uncle Atticus was absolutely paralyzed by the attack of indigestion. He could hardly move hand or foot; he had no means of defense left to him but his large and varied vocabulary of objurgation. Theodore ran over in his mind the long list of his uncle's explosions of unhallowed rage, and reflected, with profound satisfaction, on the probability that this one would be werse than any one of which the old man had hitherto been guilty.

But five minutes — ten minutes — a quarter of an hour passed and no sound came from the great square mansion of yellow brick. The night was growing sharp and chill. Theodore emerged from his hiding-place and began to walk up and down in the middle of the roadway, casting anxions and expectant glances at his uncle's house; but no sound disturbed the calm silence of the moonlight night, until the bell of the town clock struck four, and Theodore realized that nearly three-quarters of an hour had elapsed since his uncle's hall-door had closed behind the broad shoulders of the missionary.

He began to be disturbed in mind, and before long he was both mystified and worried. What had happened? Had Uncle Atticus gone off in a faint, or suddenly died at the apparition

of a clergyman in the very chamber of infidelity? Had he killed the missionary? Had the missionary killed him? The state of his uncle's digestion forbade the supposition that the two had eaten each other, or otherwise Theodore would have

accepted this as the only likely solu-

tion of the problem. For another long hour the unhappy nephew of Uncle Atticus cooled his heels in the damp, dank morning air. He dared not enter the house and find out for himself what had happened, for that would have committed him to an acknowledgment of his participation in the matter; and he had no notion whatever of confessing his guilt, should it appear that any unpleasant consequences had been the outcome of his practical joke. Theodore was not that kind of young man.

Finally, when five o'clock rang out upon the chill air, Theodore real-

ized the necessity of taking further steps. Nearly opposite his uncle's mansion lived a young gentleman of Theodore's kidney, who came as near as any one could to being Theodore's chum. This gentleman's name was Nathaniel Gillup, and he slept on the ground floor of a little wing of his father's house that gave on two streets—an apartment eminently convenient of nocturnal access. A signal familiar to the two young men brought Mr. Gillup promptly to the window; and in a few minutes, Theodore, wrapped in his friend's blankets, was telling with chattering teeth the story

#### Mucle Atticus.

of the night. Mr. Gillup was deeply interested. In the pauses of his friend's narrative, he repeatedly uttered the common or garden name of the place of departed wicked spirits; and when the recital had come to an end, he nimbly but noiselessly executed a complicated dance-step, known to the profane as a domino; and said cheerfully, as he put on a bath-robe of gorgeous dye:

"This is a lark. Take a nip of whiskey and get into my bed, and I'll sit here at the window

and spell you for a while."

Mr. Gillup's vigil was faithful but futile. Six o'clock came and seven, but the home of Mr. Jarbey was still wrapped in silence. Then, apprehensive that he might be keeping watch on a house of death, Mr. Gillup wakened the weary Theodore to an aching head, and the two young men sat and stared from behind the blinds at the big yellow house. It was with unspeakable relief that they saw at last the beginning of the usual daily life of the establishment. The blinds were opened by Mr. Jarbey's solitary domestic, who moved about naturally, as if nothing strange had happened.

"Can't we go over and get old Hetty to give

us a tip on the sly?" suggested Mr. Gillup.

"Not on your life!" cried Theodore, in alarm. "The old woman positively hates me; and she 's smarter than any ten steel traps. No, sir; the only thing to do is to wait and watch. He never gets up Sundays till twelve, even when he 's well; and he does n't like to have any one come in the house till he 's smoked a couple of pipes and feels just right — about two or three in the afternoon."

The young men took turns in watching throughout the morning, Theodore impelled by a gnawing fear and anxiety, and Gillup by curiosity and the delight of sharing in a mystery. It was nearly two o'clock when the front door opened and the missionary appeared, and crossed the street to his own house. He bore no signs of excitement or disorder; on the contrary, he had the tranquil air of a man satisfied with the world and with himself. Theodore took a stiff drink of whiskey from his friend's bottle, and hurried nervously to his uncle's bedside.

Uncle Atticus lay in his old-fashioned fourposter bed, pale, except as to the extreme tip of his nose, and wearing an expression of gloomy

dejection.

"Well, Uncle," his nephew addressed him, as naturally and cheerfully as he could, which was neither very naturally or very cheerfully, "how do you feel this morning? I was in hopes I'd find you up and about by this time."

Uncle Atticus shook his head as one does

who hears a grave subject lightly discussed.

"I come mighty near dying last night, Theodore," he said solemnly. "You may not know it, Theodore, but since you left me I 've been a mighty sick man — an almighty sick man."

There was a suggestion of reproach in the phrase "since you left me," and Theodore has-

tened to excuse himself.

"Well, of course," he said, "I saw you were suffering from one of your attacks of indigestion."

"Indi-hell—there, don't you get me to swear, Theodore. I suppose you think there ain't ever anything worse the matter with people than



indigestion? Well, now let me tell you there 's some things you don't know in this world, young man. There 's two or three things you 've got to learn yet. I come just as near dying last night as ever I did in my life. I had an attack, after you fellows went away, that was worse than anything I ever thought a man could live through."

Theodore felt his spirits beginning to return. "What sort of an attack was it, Uncle?" he

inquired.

"I don't know, I don't know," said Mr. Jarbey, shaking his head; "it was something between cholera and pneumonia, I should think; may be a little of both. And I'd have died here in my bed—died here alone—yes, sir—alone

# "2Made in france." \*

— if it had n't been for the mercy of Divine Providence."

"Hey!" gasped Theodore.

"Yes, sir," repeated Mr. Jarbey impressively; "the mercy of Divine Providence. Oh, you may well open your ears! There's nothing like it. As true as I'm layin' here—as true as I'm layin' here, Theodore—there's be'n a miracle worked in this house!"

He reached out a fevered hand, caught the wrist of the amazed young man, and pulled him closer, while his voice dropped to an awe-struck whisper as he went on.

"Say! you know that missionary—that man with a beard—Mr. Studder?—1 did n't used to like him exactly—you know. Well, that man had a revelation last night."

"A rev — what?" stammered Theodore.

"A revelation; yes, sir; a revelation, like they had in the back part of the Bible. A vision from heaven come to that man and said I was sick, and left all alone here, and needed him the worst way. And what does that man do, Theodore?—what does that Christian gentleman do—but get right into his pants, and come over here and take care of me the whole night long? Why he could n't have done more for me if he 'd been my own brother!"

Theodore struggled with an intense desire to laugh, but controlled himself after a moment.

"You seem to take kindly to religious society, Uncle," he said, with ironical bitterness in his tone.

Uncle Atticus released his nephew's wrist, and looked a little confused as he replied:

#### 🔭 Uncle Átticus. 🤏

"'T wa' n't a question of religion, Theodore," he said. "'T was a question of life and death. And I tell you, Theodore, that man took right good care of me. You see, those missionaries—may be you don't know it, Theodore, but they have to study medicine just like any regular doctor; and I guess there 's some of 'm knows as much as most doctors. Anyway, he saved my life. I would n't be here now talking to you, Theodore, if it wa' n't for that man."

"He seems to have made a night of it."

"I hope you'll never have to go through such a night, Theodore."

This was said in a tone of deep reproach.

"He stuck right by me through it all, though," went on Uncle Atticus, "and he would



n't even go home to breakfast — just sat right down there on a chair at the foot of the bed, and et something off the washstand. I was feeling so bad I could n't take anything, only a cocktail. Hetty makes a first-class cocktail. Did me good,"

## \* "Made in France." \*

"Did the missionary have a cocktail, Uncle?" inquired Theodore.

"Now, that's what I don't like about you, Theodore," said his nucle with considerable irritation. "You don't know where to stop. He's got his convictions and I've got mine. And if I don't go quite so far as he does, why that's no reason why I should n't respect his notions of what's right and proper."

This time Theodore was nearly stricken dumb. It was some time before he could mur-

mur an apology.

"I did n't mean anything," he said, in a bewildered manner. "Of course I feel that way myself. I respect — I respect — everybody," he concluded vaguely and weakly.

An awkward silence reigned for a minute.

- "Did you find him a pleasant talker?" Theodore hazarded at last.
- "First-rate, first-rate," his uncle answered, more agreeably. "A man who's been out in the world so much as he has, and seen so much, could n't help being an interesting talker. Makes an elegant prayer, too and oh, yes what was I going to say? Oh, yes! He lent me a book to read, too. Real interesting book. You'd ought to read it, Theodore." And Uncle Atticus hurriedly and somewhat confusedly produced from under the bed-clothes a small black book bearing on its cover in showy gilt a picture of a crown skewered on a palm-leaf, and an African war-spear.

"A religious book!" exclaimed Theodore, in undisguised amazement.

"Why, yes — no! It's the 'Historical Account of the South African Missions.' Why, no,

#### Mucle Atticus.

I would n't say it was exactly a religious book it 's more a sort of a kind of book of travels and adventures. I tell you, you may say what you like, Theodore, those folks have done a lot of good in those barbarous countries."

Theodore knit his brows as he looked at his uncle, and asked quietly:

"When is the Reverend Mr. Studder coming

to see you again, Uncle?"

"I don't know — I don't know; may be he 'll look in to-morrow, just to see how I am," answered Uncle Atticus in some confusion. "He said he guessed I 'd better not talk to anybody much more to-day — might make me tired, and put me back."

Great minds sometimes conquer misfortunes by temporary submission; but Theodore's mind, though it was keen enough, had no elements of

greatness.

"Good-afternoon, Uncle," he said: and then he could not resist giving the renegade one vicious thrust. "I suppose you don't know yet," he said, "the date when they 'll receive you into the Church?"

His uncle made a rapid movement of anger, and seized the pillow; then, controlling himself, he turned his back, and, with hands trembling with rage, tried to re-arrange his bed and settle

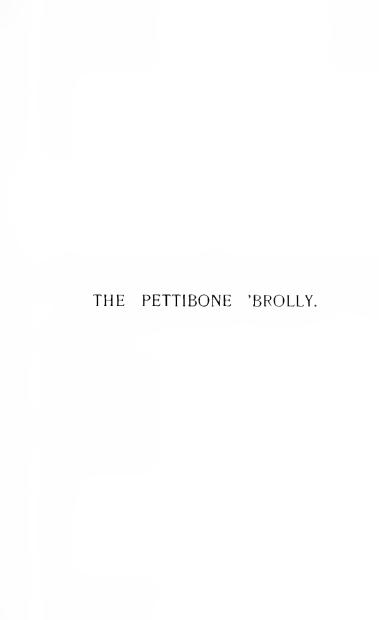
himself for a nap.

"No, I don't know," he said, savagely; "but I'll tell you what I de know. I do know who left me here to die all alone. And I do know who saved my life. No, I don't want you to fix that pillow for me! But I'll tell you what you can do: you can send Hetty to me, as you go out, and you



can shut the front door so 's it won't slam. Goodday — Goodday."

Uncle Atticus has had no return of his attacks of indigestion since he joined the church and the prohibition party, and married a Shining Light among the Daughters of Temperance. As he has also resumed business, and is making money with great rapidity, his sanity is unquestioned. Theodore is attending to his law practice more than he used to.



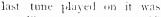
#### THE PETTIBONE 'BROLLY.

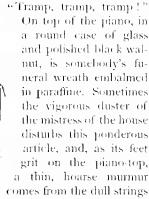
N GREENWICH VILLAGE, which is the interesting suburban colony that lies tucked away behind the Jefferson Market clocktower, in the very heart of New York City, you may still see rows of three-story redbrick houses, with low front-stoops and green front-doors, each of which bears a shining brass knocker and a neat silver-plate. It is harder to gain admission to some of these houses than it is to pass the portals of a Fifth Avenue millionaire; but if you could open one of those green doors and enter, you would see just about what you would see if you were in the house to the right of it, or if you were in the house to the left of it.

You would see before you a long narrow hall, with oil-cloth on the floor, and the other kind of oil-cloth — the shiny kind — on the stairs, laid over a strip of stair-carpet. The walls are painted, except a few that preserve the old-fashioned paper that imitates blocks of marble. Near the foot of the stairs is the parlor door, narrow and inhospitable, and generally closed on weekdays. The parlor has a flowery Brussels carpet. The Brussels is American Brussels, so the blinds

### The Dettibone Brolly.

are shut most of the time. There is a very narrow, gilt-framed pier-glass between the two front windows. On the little white marble shelf below it, stands, under a glass globe with chenille around the bottom, a plate of wax fruit touched by the hand of Death in 1864. On the mantel-piece are a fancy clock in French bronze, with green paint simulating verdigris in every depression, a white cross entwined with ivy leaves in a material resembling beet-sugar, and a stuffed bird. The two-branch gas-fixture in the middle of the ceiling is always done up in pink mosquito - netting, although a fly would starve to death in the room. In the corner is a grand piano. The





below. The whole room

smells old and cold and coffin-varnishy.

Back of this is a room which is dining-room, drawing-room, living-room and sitting-room, where there are bare places worn in the carpet in front of the old folks' chairs; where there are

# \* "Made in France." \*

geraniums in the windows, and a hyacinth-glass, and bird-seed growing in a wet sponge; where of Winter evenings the wife cuts out her dresses on the black-walnut table, and the husband reads his newspaper with his slippered feet on the base of the stove.

In such a house as this lived Mr. and Mrs. Obadiah Pettibone, a childless couple somewhat past middle age. For thirty years Pettibone had been a clerk in a large commission house downtown, and for twenty-nine of these thirty years he and Mrs. Pettibone had lived together in what might be called a sort of financial and economic union, in which the wife was the active and dominating partner. They were married by the church -their certificate hung framed in that cold front parlor—but they were far more closely united by their love of saving, which, in the woman's case, came almost to a mania. To save the very shadow of a cent was to her a religious duty; and that she could stand by her convictions every tradesman in the ward knew by personal experience. It was not a wasteful nor extravagant neighborhood, but even its thrifty and frugal denizens looked upon Mrs. Pettibone with disfavor, as a woman who almost brought the cardinal virtue of economy into ill-repute.

It may be understood, therefore, that this household was thrown into some disturbance when Mr. Pettibone came home one day and announced that he was going to replace the seventy-five-cent cotton unbrella that he had carried for four years by a five-dollar silk one—and made this announcement with the sullen and dogged manner whereby a henpecked man indi-

## The Pettibone Brolly. \*

cates to his wife that he has reached a point where he is going to have his own way for once.

None the less did Mrs. Pettibone rave. She could see at a glance that Pettibone's case was absolutely sound and unassailable. The umbrella was a shocking object. That it had brought



upon him the jeers of his fellow-clerks, and exposed him to ridicule, she did not greatly care; but when she learned that the younger men of the office had served formal notice on her husband that if he re-appeared with that umbrella—and carrying an umbrella was his life-long habit; he would not have known what to do with a cane—they would open a general subscription among themselves and the clerks of other offices with whom they had business relations, for the purpose of buying him a new one, and that the new one must be of silk to cost not less than five dollars—then Mrs. Pettibone understood that the inevitable had to be faced. For, such a scandal

## \* "Made in France." \*

downtown might bring his penuriousness, or rather her penuriousness, to the ears of his employers, and endanger his position. And although, after twenty-nine years of saving, the Pettibones owned the house they lived in, and two or three others, they would have regarded the loss of the husband's stipend an affliction hardly to be borne.

It was Saturday afternoon when the blow fell, and, until the evening meal was concluded, Mrs. Pettibone scolded and harangued, and bewailed her lot. She tried in roundabout ways of feminine ingenuity to fix upon her husband the blame for the situation. At last she remembered that when they had bought the seventyfive-cent umbrella he had preferred one at eightynine cents; and she berated him soundly for not having insisted upon its purchase. A man, she said, was expected to know about umbrellas. he knew that this other one was so much better. why did he not tell her so and get it, like a man? But no; he wanted, as usual, to throw all the responsibility upon her shoulders, so that he could have her to blame if anything went wrong. If he had got the better umbrella, it would have worn well and would not have excited the attention of the other clerks; and this disgrace and expense would not have been brought upon them. It was just like him.

And therewith her soul was satisfied, and she put on her best bonnet and the black lace shawl that she wore for state; and they marched out into the night, to make of the buying of the five-dollar umbrella a solemn and, as it were, a monumental occasion.

## The Dettibone Brolly. \*

Through Bleecker Street they went, not that they meant to commit any such folly as the investment of five dollars in any umbrella to be found in that motley thoroughfare; but because Mrs. Pettibone wished to begin in an atmosphere of one-dollar-and-ninety-seven-cent silk umbrellas and work her courage gradually up to the sticking-point.

Then to Sixth Avenue they betook themselves, where the elevated railroad plied its roaring, flashing shuttles back and forth over their heads, weaving dividends for Murray Hill; where the great arc-lights sputtered and hissed and crackled as they spread their unsteady, dancing glare over the shop-fronts; where crowds jostled them, where girls winked at the old man, and street venders thrust children's toys in his wife's face, crying:

"Buy one, lady; buy one for the baby!"

It was in Eighth Avenue at last, in an "Emporium" famous for its "bargains" in every variety of goods, from stove-lifters to ladies' hats, that, just as the store was closing, as the lights were going out, and the tired clerks were covering the counters with long strips of cotton cloth, that Mrs. Pettibone bought an umbrella for four dollars and ninety-eight cents; thereby saving her pride, and acquiring an article that would pass muster with the connaisseurs of Pettibone's office.

When Pettibone returned from downtown on Monday evening, his wife met him at the door. It was a habit she had, founded not so much on

# \* "Made in France." \*

warm affection as on a desire to satisfy herself that he was all there, as a mother examines the condition in which a child returns from school.

"I don't wonder you wear out your umbrellas, if you fold them like that," said she,



taking it, and carefully opening it. Then she stood aghast, pointing one skinny finger at a little circular brown-edged hole near the centre of the hemisphere. She gazed, her eyes burning with a solemn indignation, upon her bald-headed, palefaced, wrinkled husband; who stood before her, clad in limp creased broadcloth, swaying a little from side to side with the feebleness of a man grown aged in sedentary toil.

"Obadiah," she said, in a dreadful voice, "you've been making a circus clown of yourself, and showing off before those fellows in the office, and you've ruined your umbrella! Well, as you've made your bed, so you shall lie."

It was of no use for Pettibone to protest and vow that he had let nobody touch the umbrella,

## The Dettibone 'Brolly. \*

except the person appointed by his tormentors to see that it came up to specifications. It took Mrs. Pettibone three hours that evening to darn that hole, not with silk, but with cotton, carefully and pitilessly chosen not to match. Part of the time, of course, she was telling Pettibone what she thought of him.

But the next evening when she opened the umbrella, she stood as though a thunder-bolt had fallen at her feet. Pettibone was exonerated: but the umbrella was ruined. On the inside of every fold were a dozen or more tiny perforations which, when the umbrella was fully opened, combined to form an intricate pattern — a sort of impromptu Hamburg edging design. Not the most malicious mind could have connected Pettibone with such a design, nor with the instrument with which it was made - for the smell of cigarette-smoke mingled easily and naturally with the smell of burnt silk.

"We might cover it—" began Mr. Pettibone.

"Cover!" said Mrs. Pettibone. She simply repeated the word; but the way in which she repeated it clearly conveyed the idea that her husband had proposed to cover the umbrella with pink silk at \$12.00 a yard and to inlay the ribs with diamonds.

The strongest tyrant sometimes goes too far, and it is very often upon a point that might well have been yielded.

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# \* "Made in france." \*

"Then I'll have another umbrella!" said Pettibone.

He had another umbrella. The battle raged all the evening, and ended in a compromise. He was to buy *one* more umbrella; and he was to get special permission to place it, during office hours, in the private closet of the senior partner—a spot where it would have been sacrilege and discharge to touch it. So on the morrow he left the house early; and with no ceremony at all, but with the hurried, brazen, cowardly-desperate manner of a man who finds himself forced into doing a shameful thing, he bought another \$4.98 umbrella just as the Eighth Avenue Emporium was opened and the yawning clerks were uncovering the counters.

A care-worn theatre treasurer once stopped, with a tin box in his hand, at the door of the manager's office, and pointed to the open doors of the auditorium, as he addressed a friend.

"Do you see that red fire in there?" he said, "and them ruins tumbling down, and that corpse going off the stage a-top of four Romans? The audience thinks that's the end of the tragedy. Well, 't ain't. Wait till 1 go in and tell the old man there was only a hundred and twenty-two dollars in the house. That will be the end of the tragedy."

Mr. Pettibone might well walk off downtown with his new umbrella in his hand and his struggle and agony behind him. But Mrs. Pettibone — what of Mrs. Pettibone, left alone in the house with the corpse of the murdered umbrella — the elder and original silk umbrella of the house of Pettibone? If she looked at it once that morning, she looked at it a score of times.

### The Pettibone 'Brolly. \*

When she was not looking at it, it was not wholly out of her mind. It stood to her for \$4.98 dead loss; and the \$4.98 she had taken from the treasury for the purchase of the second umbrella had brought to her as yet no visible return, so that that sum seemed to her as clear a waste as the other. Thus regarded, the ghastly object before her became in a sense the wreck of a \$9.96 umbrella; and the contemplation of this simply disgraceful extravagance, taking a concrete and tangible form right here in her own household, tortured her almost as a mother's heart is tortured when a child goes hopelessly astray.

She felt so badly that in order to make herself feel worse she went into her front parlor; but there, before its gloom could fairly penetrate her system, something occurred to her that made her drop into a chair "all of a tremble," as she afterward said

Her eye had fallen upon the new velvet carpet rug in front of her, whereon a yellow tiger slew a brown deer with great wickedness. It lay before the Franklin-heater, and replaced one that two years before had been damaged by a fire in the chimney.

How came it that she had not before thought of the Insurance Company? The Insurance Company had paid for the rug—why should it not pay for the umbrella? When she got over her first nervous trembling, she resolved that the Insurance Company should pay for the umbrella. She had done a great deal of hard thinking in the ten minutes that she had sat on the uncomfortable little satin chair in the chilly parlor, but she had made up her mind. She had determined to go



herself to the Insurance Company and to collect the cost of that umbrella. Why should she go by herself? Because she knew that her husband would not like it; that he would not go himself — nay, more, that he might once again put his masculine foot down, and prevent her going if he knew of it. How did she know this, having no knowledge whatever of the subject, nor having conversed thereon with her husband. I do not know. But there is a good deal of instinctive knowledge of that sort dodging around between the confidences and the reserves of married life.

It was this knowledge and the accompanying feeling of guilt that made her timorous at heart—

# The Pettibone 'Brolly. \*

the more timorous that, like many another Ninth Ward house-wife, she never stirred beyond her own narrow neighborhood, save to make a few necessary purchases or to see a parade. Therefore she dressed herself in her very best, including a bonnet that was built in the days when people knew what a bonnet was; and she made a decidedly imposing figure as she set forth, with a good dignified space — a generation, at least — between her attire and the frivolity of the present fashion.

Still, she was somewhat intimidated when she stood at last before the big marble front of the solid, old-fashioned building that housed the vast offices of the Birmingham, Leeds & West Riding Assurance Company, Limited, in a dark and much crowded street far downtown. She stood long on the sidewalk, looking through the plateglass windows at the long rows of gas-lit desks and gilded gratings. At last she entered and inquired of a uniformed boy where she could see "the principal." The boy was American — the only American thing in that great office filled with Britons and sodden in Briticism. He looked sharply at Mrs. Pettibone for a moment, then he said:

"General Manager, ma'am? Mr. Thumble-field? Yes, ma'am. This way, ma'un."

Perhaps Mr. Thumblefield had left word that he expected his aunt that morning; perhaps the clerks were awed by Mrs. Pettibone's stately and antique port; perhaps the boy did not belong to the Assurance Company, and was only trading on his knowledge of its ways in a spirit of sinful American levity—somehow Mrs. Pettibone was

# "21Tade in france."

rushed through various corridors and passages, and suddenly found herself a little out of breath in a gas-lit room, upholstered in pleasant-smelling leather, dark of hue and old-looking; where a large man with a ruddy face and beard of mixed gray and red, who sat in a large chair at a large desk, asked her politely but with evident surprise to take a seat. Two other large men with much the same general appearance stood near him with



their hats in their hands. The man at the desk added politely to Mrs. Pettibone as she sat down:

"One moment, madam, and 1 am at your service." Then he continued, turning to the other two large men: "Well, gentlemen, I'm afraid that 's the best we can do for you. We'll pay the \$75,000, of course—or \$85,000—which is it?—Yes, \$85,000. The \$11,000 claim Pratt will let you know about. That'll

### The Pettibone Brolly. \*

be all right, I suppose?" Here the other two men nodded in a matter-of-course way. "But as to the \$72,000 claim, the Company absolutely refuses to pay you one cent of it under that policy or any other that we'll ever draw."

"Well," said one of the others, meditatively, thrusting his hands into his pockets, "I supposed that was about the position you'd take; I sup-

pose we'll have to carry it up."

"Oh, yes," said the other of the visitors, nodding his head assentingly; "I always said it was a matter for the Court of Appeals."

"Fancy so," said the man at the desk; "they'll settle it. Just as well have these matters settled once for all. When will you get up

to see that new pair of mine, Picklesby?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Mr. Picklesby. "Fancy I'll get up with Rowbotham toward the end of the week. Come along, Whilkington!" And with three grunts of British geniality, they bade each other good-by, and Mrs. Pettibone was left alone with the General Manager of the Birmingham, Leeds & West Riding Assurance Company, Limited.

Mrs. Pettibone was frightened; but you would never have known it from the tone of her determined voice or the expression of her stern features.

"I want you to look at that," she said, thrusting the umbrella at the General Manager in the manner in which she might have called the attention of a dirty boy to the thumb-marks he was making on her clean front door.

Mr. Thumblefield took the umbrella in frank amazement, and mechanically opened it.

# \* "Made in France." \*

"What do you think of that?" demanded Mrs. Pettibone.

The General Manager looked at it inside and out. What he saw was—not an umbrella perforated with cigarette-burns, but an umbrella that had sustained a much more serious, extensive and yet far less symmetrical internal conflagration. In fact the ravages of the flames could no longer boast any artistic merit. They presented merely an accidental appearance.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Thumblefield, clearly taken back, "I should say that I rather thought that it was by way of being in very hard luck,

don't you know!"

"It's burnt," said Mrs. Pettibone.

The General Manager of the Assurance Company again gave the umbrella his careful consideration; then he rolled it up and handed it back to Mrs. Pettibone, stolidly remarking:

"So I should have supposed."

"It cost me \$9.96," Mrs. Pettibone went on. The General Manager again took the umbrella from her hands and again he examined it.

"Very remarkable!" he said. "Never should have thought it;" and he once more returned the unbrella to its owner.

"You'll admit that it's burned," said Mrs. Pettibone, with irritation in her tone.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Thumblefield; "really, my dear madam, I have nothing to deny or to admit about your umbrella. I can't see that it's any conceivable business of mine."

"Oh, ain't it?" his visitor cried; "ain't we insured in this company of yours, my husband and me?"

### The Dettibone 'Brolly. \*

"Really I don't know," said the General Manager; "are you?"

"Yes; indeed, we are," announced his visitor. "My name 's Pettibone, Mrs. Obadiah Pettibone. Now, may be you'll remember something about it! And you paid us one loss when the chimney caught fire two years ago in January,—you paid us forty-seven dollars—I remember it just as if it was yesterday. Yes; and we had



one fire since then. Did more 'n twenty dollars damage; and Mr. Pettibone, he never came near here nor said a word about it to you."

The General Manager leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Is n't it a little odd, madam," he said, "that Mr. Thingumbob — your husband, and you, should leave a twenty dollars loss uncollected and come here with a claim of less than half that amount?"

"Not a bit," Mrs. Pettibone snapped back at him; "because my husband's a fool, you don't think I am, do you? He pays for his own

## \* "Made in france." \*

chimneys, but umbrellas come out of my house-keeping money."

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" said the General

Manager, taken still further aback.

Mrs. Pettibone sat up straight and looked

him right in the eyes.

"Yes, sir," she said; "that's just it." She was not at all frightened now. The joy of combat was awakened within her.

Mr. Thumblefield leaned back in his chair, rather at a loss for words.

"Well, madam," he said at last, "I — I — I don't really see what we can do for this unfortunate umbrella of yours. Very sorry, of course—"

"Well," said Mrs. Pettibone, "I want that you should either pay me the price of it or give me another one like it; or else," she added hastily, observing a look of unaffected amazement on that open British countenance, "have it re-covered, anyway."

Mr. Thumblefield fairly gasped. "But, Great Heavens, my dear woman, we're not umbrellamakers, don't you see! You can't really expect us to mend your umbrella for you, don't you know!"

"All right," said Mrs. Pettibone readily; "give me the money and I'll have it re-covered myself. I could get it done, I suppose, just as cheap as you could. There 's a man does covering right around the corner from our house—I ain't never been to him, but they say he's real reasonable. And there is a man comes through our street in a red-white-and-blue wagon sometimes, and you supply the silk—but I suppose it's no use waiting for him—"

# The Pettibone Brolly. \*

"'Pon my word, madam — this is the most extraordinary case I ever heard of. Why, madam, we can't consent to enter into any such transactions. Why, the next thing you'll be coming here, you know, if your husband burns the soles of his shoes at the fire. Really, you know, we can't do it, we can't do it! We can't pay you for accidents that happen to all that sort of

rubbish, you know!"

"Rubbish!" shrilled Mrs. Pettibone, her eyes sparkling with anger; "then where 's the good of your precious fire insurance, I 'd like to know? Rubbish! An umbrella that cost most ten dollars! Rubbish! It was n't rubbish when you wanted us to pay for the insurance on it, but now when it 's burnt and ruined and Mr. Pettibone going to the office with a seventy-five cent umbrella in his hand - never before in his life did be do such a thing! - Now! - Now! it 's rubbish! Oh, I knew it right well; I 've known it all along. said to Mr. Pettibone, when he first went into your company, 'I know how it 'll come out,' I

says; 'I know just how it 'll come out!'"

Mr. Thumblefield belonged to that large class of Englishmen who believe, on general principles, that women are made to be jumped on; but who are perfectly willing to accept the fact, in any particular case, that that woman, individually, is not made to be jumped on. He glanced out of his doorway and saw a long line of people waiting at the clerk's desk where his present visitor should have been stopped. He

## \* "Made in France." 🔻

made a mental calculation of the value of his lost time for that morning, and a mental memorandum to speak to that clerk. Then he said wearily:

"Very well, madam, I'll see what I can do for you. How did this accident happen? Of course, if it was in the street—"

"If it was in the street, what then?" demanded Mis. Pettibone.

"Why of course we can't pay for it if it happened anywhere out of the house."

"But did n't I tell you it happened in the house?" answered Mrs. Pettibone, without the loss of an instant. She was all herself now, for she knew that victory was at hand. thought I'd told you how it happened. You see it was this-a-way. You see, Mr. Pettibone, he's real careful about his umbrellas; and he don't hardly ever set 'em in the hat-rack where people who come to the house might put their things no, he just takes his umbrella into the diningroom, and puts it right up against the mantelpiece, where the zinc is, where it will drip into the cuspidor. Now, t' other day he brought home a little kind of a thing to hold matches. It was made of china, hand-painted, and it was a real pretty thing; but he could n't get it to hang real straight. You know the way they make those fancy things nowadays. Well, Mr. Pettibone, he hung it right over where he puts his umbrella, and I told him he'd ought to have hung it somewhere else. 'Obadiah,' says 1, 'can't you see that that thing 's tiddle-v?' But Mr. Pettibone, he 's just like a man. He was all for having it right there. Would n't any other place suit him. 'It 'll be all right, Maria,' says he; 'don't you fret,' 'I ain't

# The Pettibone Brolly. \*

frettin', Obadiah,' says 1; 'but you 'll see,' 1 says, says 1; 'you need n't tell me,' says 1 to him; 'you 'll see what your precious match-box will bring us to—'"

"IFill you come to the point, Mrs. a-ah— Pettibone?" said the General Manager in a choking voice.

"That 's just where I was a-comin'," pursued Mrs. Pettibone, cheerily. "Well, it was n't three nights after that—no, not three nights—when Mr. Pettibone came in, just as it was getting towards dusk; and I was out that afternoon, and so I had n't got the light

lit; and Mr. Pettibone, he went groping around the way a man does, all thumbs, and he struck three, may be four matches. He says he don't remember rightly how many he did strike, and the first thing you know he had that match-box down and the matches all over the floor. And then he picked it up and put the matches back; and he was bound he was n't going to say a word to me about it. Oh, my! he thought he was going to be dreadful smart, just like a man all over. But I had n't more than got my head inside the house than I says to him: 'Obadiah,' I says, 'I smell smoke.' And he tried to convince me that I did n't; but, my gracious! he could n't any more convince me when I know a thing than if he had n't 'a' been there. And I says to him, I says-"

"Madam," said the General Manager of the Birmingham, Leeds & West Riding Assurance

### \* "Made in France." \*

Company, Limited, fixing an apoplectic eye on Mrs. Pettibone, "will you have the *kindness* to have this umbrella re-covered at our expense, and send the bill here? The Cashier will see to the matter, if this card is presented to him — *immediately*."

Mrs. Pettibone walked to the head of Wall Street. She did not get out at any of the streets leading to Greenwich Village, but continued on to where the great thoroughfare sweeps into the bright and spacious cheerfulness of Madison Square. There she selected an umbrella shop of a grandeur to her liking. Therein she entered.

"I want to have this umbrella covered," she said, "with the very best silk you 've got in the store. Expense is no object whatever."

She left the clerk gazing dumbly at the wreck of a \$4.98 umbrella, of a kind strange to his eyes.

"Why," said Mrs. Pettibone to her husband that evening, "it was as easy as anything; he seemed real glad to give it to me. But there! it's no use talking to you!"



THE JOKE ON M. PEPTONNEAU.

#### THE JOKE ON M. PEPTONNEAU.

T PRECISELY half-past five o'clock every afternoon, except Sundays, M. Peptonneau descended the stairs of the editorial office of the Courrier Méridional, buttoning up his long black frock coat, drawing on his cotton gloves, and setting his napless but still respectable old chimney-pot hat straight upon his head; to

perform which office he used both hands with all the dignity and deliberation of a monarch adjusting his crown. M. Peptonneau had old hands, gnarled and twisted with many years of pen-holding. When he left the office he looked neither to the right nor to the left of him, and if by chance he returned the rare salutation of a friend, it was absent-mindedly, almost mechanically, as we bow when, in some foreign hotel, we become sufficiently familiar with a few faces to pick them out of the crowd of strangers.

Straight before him went M. Peptonneau, with his green silk umbrella under his arm, down the long provincial boulevard, so through at this hour that if it had not been for the loud Southern voices and the broad Southern shoulders in their

# The Joke on M. Peptonneau. \*

loosely fitting Southern coats, you would almost have said you were in some unfamiliar corner of Paris. At the corner of the public square he turned to the left and crossed the old stone bridge over the rushing and noisy little river. Reaching the other side, he traversed a region of narrow, dark water-side streets, going past the silent fronts of great stone warehouses, with all their windows closed and barred, past malodorous tallow chandleries, past ships, supply stores, smelling pleasantly of oakum and pitch, and past black coal-yards, where an offensive, acrid dust floated out upon the air, causing the eyes to smart, and choking the lungs with a flavor of illuminating gas.

Soon began to appear the shops of the transpontine quarter where M. Peptonneau lived - humble establishments that supplied the daily needs and the occasional luxuries of people of narrow means and homely tastes. These places transacted much of their business upon the sidewalk, and their front doors stood always open. The evening wind, which blew their flickering gaslights to and fro, carried along the whole street a slight odor of garlic. At one or two of the more prosperous of these places M. Peptonneau stopped to make a few modest purchases - tripe, headcheese, and a little can of American oysters. At each place he called the shop-keeper pleasantly by his Christian name, and was answered with a respectful "Good-evening M. Peptonneau," which showed that he was a person of consideration in the quarter. When he had finished his business he walked on, carrying his

## \* "Made in France." 🔭

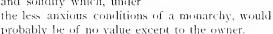
purchases to his home, a comfortable apartment three flights up, over a tailor-shop of a rather more imposing character than most of the stores in the neighborhood, where he dwelt with Madame Peptonneau. They had been married forty years, and had one married daughter. They were both eminently respectable, M. Peptonneau forming the head of the professional society of the suburb, which, otherwise, consisted of the doctor, the notary, and a retired professor of heraldry. They were known to be thrifty, and were reported well-to-do, even rich.

M. Peptonneau united in himself the professions of journalist, scientist and agriculturist. Yet he would have been as puzzled to indite the most commonplace of editorial articles as to write a racy and sensational feuilleton; he knew no more of electricity or dynamics than he knew about astronomy or anatomy, which was absolutely nothing at all; and he had never had a spade in his hands in all his life of sixty years. It was his function, let us explain, to conduct the department of Agricultural Chemistry, Scientific Viticulture and Riparian Hygiene in the columns of that well-established and influential journal, the Courrier Méridional, where he discoursed learnedly of nitrites and nitrates, and phosphites and phosphates, whose acquaintance he made in Government reports, and the works of other scientists like himself. While this labor did not call for the exercise of imagination or rhetorical brilliancy, it called for a man of industry, accuracy and application; and for one fully capable of taking himself seriously and manipulating the inorganic elements with zeal, if not with enthusiasm.

### 🌠 Che Joke on M. Peptonneau, 🧩

It is the good fortune of kingdoms that they are born presumably respectable and inferentially permanent. With the most logically constructed of new republics, however, the inference and pre-

sumption are both the other way. Thus it comes to pass that the *respectabilization* of a new republic is often a matter of much concern to its promoters; and frequently offers an opportunity to a humble and needy patriot to utilize a modest stock of personal virtue and solidity which, under



"The Joke on M. Peptonneau" originated at a time when the Republic was far from being firmly established, under an Executive that has long since gone to join the only majority that can be absolutely relied upon. This Executive was in want of an official organ - not in want of an organ, by any means, for it had organs enough to bewilder the wisest of administrations with contradictory counsels — but of an organ that might justly be termed "official" in the most intimate and discreet sense of the word—a newspaper that could utter delicate hints, ingeniously make forecasts, and suggest tentative measures in a noncommittal way. In fact, this particular Executive wanted a faithful and experienced journalistic butler to exercise discretion at its front door; and

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it had pitched upon that standard old provincial journal, the *Courrier Méridional* in preference to any of the more brilliant but less trustworthy Parisian prints.

Thus did a lifetime of respectability serve a very good and very stupid old journal; and M. Peptonneau, who shared in the prosperity of his paper, was in himself a worthy reflection of the tastes and ideas of the institution he served.

It was not generally known, however, that the editorials of the *Courrier*, so sage, so sonorous, so discreet, were written by an assemblage of feather-brained young men whose only ambition in life was to make enough money to go to Paris and live the life of the Parisian dandies and loungers.

It was these young people who put up "The Joke on M. Peptonneau." One morning as he passed through the general room of the office, on the way to his own private and personal den, he passed by a group of these youngsters, who were discussing the approaching festival of the Fourteenth of July, when, in the chief city of the Department, the great and popular Prime Minister, himself a native of the county, was to make a great speech in which, it was privately understood, he had engaged himself to intimate that for a specimen and example of a free press serving as a bulwark to an enlightened government, he could not do better than to point to the Courrier Méridional, that etcetera of etcetera, an illustrious etcetera in the etcetera of etcetera.

This would be the first public announcement of the *Courrier's* officiality — a fact, for the rest, sufficiently well known to all its unsuccessful rivals.



"Say, Papa Peptonneau," said Hector de Longueville, an easy-going, good-natured young man, who wrote leading articles of uncompromising severity, "we shall have you with us on the Fourteenth, shall we not?"

"I think not," said the old man, goodnaturedly; "not unless you want to get me a new coat six weeks before my time."

It was a tradition of the office that M. Peptonneau got a new coat twice a year, on the first of March and on the first of September. His good-humored allusion to the fact rather threw the laugh against Hector, who endeavored to retrieve himself.

"But this is no question of a coat, M. Peptonneau," he said; "it is a matter of uniform this time."

"Of uniform?" repeated the old man, vaguely troubled.

### \* "Made in france." \*

"Why certainly," said the young man; "of uniform." And he turned to his companions: "Have you not told M. Peptonneau that we go to the festival in uniform?" he said to the sporting editor, M. Paul Chantal, a young man who wore whiskers and tried to look like an Englishman. He was an inveterate jester, and he caught at the idea at once.

"I thought he knew it," he said indifferently; "it has been talked about enough. Did not you tell M. Peptonneau, Gontran?" he said, turning to the third of the three inseparables, as the younger members of the *Courrier* staff were called. This was M. Gontran de Kérouec, a tall, dark young man with a pointed beard who had already published a book on political economy, and who was suspected of entertaining serious political aspirations. Kérouec frowned slightly, not wholly relishing the jest.

"Ah," said Chantal quickly, as if in explanation of his comrade's manner, "Gontran does not want to talk about the uniforms. He does not like them; he thinks they are not in good taste. In fact, he made quite a time about it, did you not, Gontran?—and went to the Chief and objected."

To be invited to take part in a joke on another person is to be flattered almost as subtly and effectively as by the imputation of having a pretty woman in love with you. Kérouec had too much personal dignity to permit him to approve unreservedly of the practical joke either in the abstract or in the concrete. But he felt that his histrionic powers, which were really fine, had been called upon, and that in loyalty to his

### The Joke on M. Peptonneau. \*

comrades he must join them in mystifying the old man. He got off the table on which he had been sitting, and began to walk away, with the air of a man who declines longer to continue an unpleasant subject of conversation.

"To my mind," he said, "it is in the worst of taste, and will reflect no credit upon us either as journalists or as Republicans. However, I have said what I had to say, and it has been disregarded. Let that end the matter."

"But what —," began M. Peptonneau, amazed and puzzled; "I do not understand."

"Why," said de Longueville, "it is just simply this: M. Lecadi has got a notion in his head which is insane enough; but I suppose we must yield to it. He is determined that, being the official journal of the Government, we shall all go to the Festival on the Fourteenth of July in a uniform designed for the purpose, just as though we were soldiers or sailors employed by the Government. Now, do you understand?"

"Impossible!" cried the old man, indignantly. "The Government would never sanction

such a piece of foolishness!"

"But it seems they have," said Gontran de Kérouec, yawning listlessly as he paused at the door of his private office; "and you will have to put on your tri-colored coat, Papa Peptonneau, like all the rest of us, or —"

And he made a gesture, suggesting a sudden and rapid fall, that in the office of the *Courrier Méridional*, which was situated at the top of five flights of stairs, had long been used to signify dismissal from service. Then he disappeared, closing the door after him.

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With the end of avoiding any further explanations, de Longueville and Chantal made haste to follow his example.

"We must be off," said the latter; "we go to press half-an-hour earlier than

usual to-night; the railroad service is so delayed by the preparation for the Four-

> teenth that we can no longer send our papers by the last train. It 's stupid, all the same," he concluded, hurrying his companion off the scene; while M. Peptonneau, with an air of anxious despondency, went to his desk. He wrote all day, but with a troubled brow, and when, at nightfall, he left the office, he had written only

three-quarters of a column, instead of the column-and-a-quarter, which the

printers were used to expecting from him.

The joke had an immediate and assured success. In the language of the young men, M. Peptonneau had "bitten," and, once having bitten, he held on with an amazing tenacity, swallowing the bait with hardly a gulp. It never seemed to occur to him to doubt the monstrous absurdity; having once accepted the idea that rational and

#### The Joke on M. Peptonneau.

respectable men of letters could be confronted with the possibility of a humiliation so grotesque, he seemed to find nothing incredible in the extravagances and exaggerations which the three young men invented for his benefit with an unbounded ingenuity. By degrees, too, they let the whole office into their joke, which everybody found highly amusing.

Everywhere that M. Peptonneau went in the office of the Courrier he was the centre of a conspiracy both malicious and mischievous; and by a hundred clever bits of acting, all apparently spontaneous and unforced, the old man was deluded into believing that, in obedience to a crazy whim of the proprietor of the paper, M. Lecadi, every member of the staff, in both the business and editorial offices, was to go to the approaching festivities attired in a livery designed to indicate them as government employees. It would have been difficult, indeed, for him not to be convinced, with fresh evidence confronting him at every turn. Here he would come upon a couple of clerks indignantly discussing the supposed situation in furtive whispers; and calculating the possibilities of retaining their places should they disobey the tyrannical edict. Then he would hear one of the poorer employees deploring the necessity of paying sixty-five francs for a costume that could be worn but one day and must thereafter be "If it were for a masked ball, even!" the man would mutter dolefully; and M. Peptonneau felt his heart-strings drawn at the thought that his ridiculous uniform must cost him good money, besides fastening upon him a degrading affront.

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One day Hector de Longueville, who had some skill in drawing, led him into the publisher's private office during the temporary absence of M. Lecadi, and showed him, carelessly thrown among a pile of loose papers, a colored sketch scribbled over with pencil notes, marked, "Design for Professional Uniform, ordered by M. Lecadi." It presented a hideous, fantastic costume, with topboots, pipe-clay belt and a broad-brimmed felt hat with a plume, something between the dress of a Tyrolese Jäger and an English groom. M. Peptonneau accepted this monstrous creation without a doubt.



"But I can not wear it," he said; "it is impossible. No; never in my life could I wear such a thing as that!"

He had told his wife of the uniform, and she had received the news with disgust and anger. When he told of the boots and the belt and the plumed hat, she exploded in a fury of abuse and

### 🏞 Che Joke on M. Peptonneau. 🤏

reproach, and called him a spiritless slave; while, on the other hand, if he ventured to hint of giving up his position, she accused him of taking the bread out of her mouth and of wishing to rob his daughter's children. On the whole, M. Peptonneau had a hard time of it; and he could not even seek distraction in work, for at all hours the figure of himself clothed in that pitiful and fantastic costume came between him and his nitrates and phosphates. The series of papers which he was writing on "The Relation of Odor to the Strength of Artificial Fertilizers" was hopelessly ruined; most of the papers lacking, as he himself said, his usual fire and spirit.

The joke shortly began to assume such dimensions that it became advisable for the conspirators to let the heads of the establishment into their scheme, lest the mysterious whisperings and hole-and-corner confidences should suggest to their employers the existence of a disloyal intrigue. The literary head of the paper, M. Riboulet, was a serious man; a political enthusiast who firmly believed that in the propagation of the ideas to which he subscribed lay the only hope of the country's continued existence. He listened to what Chantal told him, with a vague and absentminded expression on his long, melancholy face; and forced a smile as if he were humoring a prattling child. Then he dismissed the matter from his mind altogether.

With M. Lecadi, the publisher, it was another affair altogether. He was a great strapping

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Norman, with a big stomach, a round face, a bristling beard and a laugh deep, sonorous and hearty. When he heard of the joke on M. Peptonneau, he slapped his fat thighs and shook with irrepressible mirth until the tears coursed down his red cheeks.

"Old daddy Peptonneau in a plumed hat!" he cried, shaking like a mould of jelly; "oh, but it is delicious, my children, delicious!"

And when at last M. Peptonneau, driven to desperation by the furious reproaches of his wife, came to the private office of M. Lecadi, and with



a pallid face said, "M. Lecadi, I have come to tell you that I can not wear your uniform," the sturdy publisher of the *Courrier Méridional* was so convulsed with suppressed merriment that de Longueville, who was present, thought he would have an apoplectic fit. But M. Lecadi was somewhat of a joker himself, and he loved nothing

#### The Joke on M. Peptonneau.

better than to play a good trick on his serious and sober-minded editor. He recovered himself, and said:

"You will not wear the uniform, M. Peptonneau; the project has been given up. It was only a wild idea of M. Riboulet. His patriotism is somewhat fantastic, you know. I have convinced him that, for men of the world, his notion is impracticable. There will be no uniform."

"I am very glad to hear it," said M. Peptonneau, feebly, wiping the cold moisture from his brow with his old red pocket-handkerchief. "I myself had thought it would have been indecorous."

\* \*

A good joke is said to last long. Sometimes, too, it goes far. While M. Peptonneau and his wife were thanking Heaven that they had been spared from an imminent and terrible danger, the story of his mystification was being whispered around the town in a score of incomplete and incorrect versions, which did not grow more veracious as they passed from mouth to mouth.

The next week, *le High-Life*, a ribald little paper popular among the Parisian men-abouttown, contained the following paragraph:

"CURIOUS PRODUCT OF PROVINCIAL TASTE.—We learn on good authority that the editor of a certain provincial journal, the character and length of whose editorial articles have earned for it the nick-name of 'The Night-Cap,' has conceived the brilliant idea of sending all his employees, clerks, reporters, sub-editors and contributors, male and female, to the festival of the Fourteenth, gorgeously arrayed in a uniform of his own designing, (founded, it is said, on fashions of the

### \* "Made in France." \*

Sixteenth century,) and carrying battle axes. The scheme was probably suggested by the fact that the paper in question has for some time past been cherishing a hope, as ridiculous as it is vain, of being selected as the official organ of the government. Fancy a provincial official organ—and in uniform at that!"

Within another week a half-a-dozen Parisian and a half-a-hundred provincial journals had repeated the story, in various phases of error and exaggeration. A polite stranger, subsequently identified as a gentleman in the employ of the Government, called upon Madame Peptonneau while her husband was at the office, ostensibly to inquire into the character of a servant; and beguiled that estimable lady, who was nothing if not loquacious, into talking at considerable length. Two days later, M. Lecadi and M. Riboulet were summoned to Paris by a very curt and unpleasant



communication from the Minister of Public Affairs, and received a decided intimation that their presence at the ceremony of the Fourteenth, in or out of uniform, would be regarded as improper and offensive; and that the *Courrier* 

#### The Joke on M. Deptonneau, \*

Méridienal would do well to suppress for the future any political tendencies. In the great speech which the popular Prime Minister delivered on the Fourteenth of July, his references to the Free Press serving as a balwark to an enlightened government were coupled with the name of a well-known Parisian journal; and about the same time three brilliant young provincial journalists found their time at their own disposal.

It is said that the only person in the town who never heard of "The Joke on M. Peptonneau" is M. Peptonneau himself.



FATHER DOMINICK'S CONVERT.

#### FATHER DOMINICK'S CONVERT.

HE MAN is a divil!" said Father Dominick, of the parish of Ste. Anne

of Guigneguiche.

Father Dominick was on his way homeward, but he was not facing the homeward way. He had turned full around, and stood, his hands folded on his fat, round stomach, his brows knit in a perplexed and angry scowl, and his eyes fixed on

the last house of the village he had started to leave behind him. It was a low, shabby structure of unpainted boards, set a little off the highway among weeds and rubbish and ash-heaps, with that air of utter and hopeless shiftlessness about it which a really worthless French Canadian knows so well how to impart to his domicile. Half of the lettering on the sign over the door had been effaced by wind and rain, but enough remained to tell you the name of the occupant, and it was easy to guess that his business was the sale of liquors. From this building came, every now and then, bursts of that heavy, gross, offensive cachinnation, that forced, mirthless bellowing which is as near as boorish drunkards ever get to

### Tather Dominick's Convert. \*

honest, mirthful laughter. At each recurrence of the unpleasant sound, the Father's scowl grew deeper; and in the intervals he listened intently. A single voice was speaking from the house. At last, urged by some tribute of guffaws louder than usual, it rose to sudden loudness and rang out upon the still evening air so that it was clearly audible across the road — Father Dominick's own voice, round, full, Irish, individual, unmistakable, chanting within the pot-house "In saecula saeculo-o-orum."

Father Dominick's grip tightened on his big oaken stick and he struck its iron ferule angrily on the ground. Then he swung around and marched on up the rocky road that led to his home, near where the rushing river, emerging from the pines, started on its tumbling descent of half-a-mile of roaring white cascades.

"The man's a divil!" he repeated.

Ten years of life in a little, old-fashioned backwoods town in the province of Quebec had taught Father Dominick many things—how to be masterful and how to be wily, how to be diplomatic and how to be severe; but it had not taught him how to overcome the last traces of one of the prettiest brogues that ever came out of Ireland, and when the good Father was excited or emphatic it came out in all its native sweetness. So it was that you always heard Father Dominick's brogue when he had occasion to speak of Michel Gargaroux, carpenter, joiner and atheist, the enemy of society,

#### \* "Made in france." \*

as Father Dominick loved to call him; for was he not the enemy of Father Dominick and of the Church?

The race of French Canadian habitants has produced some eminently unlovely types, and when you meet the sulky, brutal, rude, ignorant, idle, discontented lump of greasy, sallow flesh with a little black scrap of moustache in the middle of its face, that loafs all day long about the railroad stations of the larger towns, you are rashly but naturally inclined to think that you have encountered the most unlovely of these; but if you go further, you will be apt to find that human nature is reserving some of her surprises for you, as usual. When for two or three generations nature has bred into this type Scotch shrewdness, Irish humor and Yankee smartness. all thriving on a base of habitant immorality, or rather unmorality, you have another type that is as much more dangerous and ill-disposed as it is more complicated and interesting. This was the type of Michel Gargaroux, leader of the Anti-Clerical party and King of the Boors in the parish of Ste. Anne; and it may explain why he gave Father Dominick more trouble than all the rest of his parishioners put together.

There had been a time, no doubt, when Michel Gargaroux, carpenter, joiner, etc., was a good Catholic; but it was a time beyond the memory of any dweller in Guigneguiche, and it must have been co-incident with a time which Gargaroux sometimes spoke of when he was a little under the influence of liquor—the time when he was young, good-looking and a favorite with the ladies. One thing is certain, it was a

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time long past. Every village is supposed to have its atheist, who generally attains his position partly by accident and partly by intention, beginning by being a shade more liberal-minded than his fellows, then being goaded by persecution into an open scepticism, and passing from this stage to rank atheism just for the notoriety of the thing: to get at least a sort of left-handed fame out of an inevitable and unpleasant singularity. But no town in the world ever possessed a local atheist of more active and effective malignity than Michel Gargaroux. He was immensely popular, principally, of course, among the bad men of the town; but he also held the more respectable folks by his wit, which was sharp, according to habitant standards, and by his excellent skill as a workman. Indeed, he was a carpenter and joiner for Guigneguiche to be proud of, but most of all his "pull" with the people was founded upon his really extraordinary powers of mimicry; and of all his much-admired imitations of prominent citizens, by long odds the best was his unapproachable reproduction of Father Dominick conducting the services of Holy Church. The impious roared thereat, and even the decently shocked devout could rarely refrain from acknowledging its truth to nature by an ill-restrained smile, or, worse yet, by a convulsive chuckle or giggle - according to sex. Father Dominick had heard of this interesting impersonation, but as he was not in the way of attending Mr. Gargaroux's exhibitions, he had had no opportunity of passing critical judgement on it, until the day when the evening breeze wafted it across the road to him from the tavern windows. It was hardly to be expected that the

#### \* "Made in France." 🚏

humor of the performance would fully appeal to the good Father, though he had no lack of an Irishman's best gift. What he thought of its artistic merit may be inferred from his single remark.

Three hours later, as he sipped his modest night-cap of native wine, the good Father put his slippered foot down on his worn old carpet with the action of a man who has taken a serious and important resolution.

"This thing," said he, "has got to end. I'll

go to morrow!"

And on the morrow it was announced that Father Dominick was going to Quebec to kiss the hand of the Archbishop, and that some great, strange and mysterious thing was to come of his sudden visit.

Father Dominick departed, Father Dominick returned. He arrived between nine and ten at night. It took Élise, his old housekeeper, the length of time that it takes a woman to throw a shawl over her head and run to the gate—it took Élise that much time to start the news flying around the village, passing from house to house just before the closing of the shutters, that the Church of Ste. Anne of Guigneguiche was to be refitted throughout with new pews, new rails, new paneling, and new brackets for the holy images along the walls. People sat up late that night in the village, and by the morning the news had been thoroughly digested and one particular result of its reception had become apparent to

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even the dullest wit; and all Guigneguiche was a-chuckle, saving only one solitary citizen.

Michel Gargaroux did not chuckle. Silent and sour, with a worried look in his little gray



eyes, he worked at his bench all day long. When he was alone his brows were puckered in troubled thought. He smoothed out the pucker when people came to see him, but it gathered itself again as soon as they left. All day long his friends paid him pleasant little calls.

"Hi, Miché, busy with the church job,

hey?"

"Say, Miché, I heard there was a priest lookin' for you."

"C'est donc difficile, Miché, c't ouvrage au

Bon Dieu, hein?"

"Say, Micky, folks is sayin' there 's heaps

of money in them pews."

This last was from a Maine Yankee who had once got ahead of him in a horse-trade. It was wormwood and distilled gall.



All day long he worked and thought. That night he did not show himself at the tavern. Nevertheless he got wind of the rumor that was freely discussed there, that the big envelope which had arrived for the priest in the morning's mail was from a firm of cabinet-makers in Quebec, and contained plans and proposals for the renovation of the church. There were many such rumors as this, and, somehow, Gargaroux heard them all, in spite of the fact that he worked steadily at his bench all day long and had no idle time for his old companions. But the rumor that came to him like a stab in the breast was an elusive, untraceable word that went hither and thither without responsible paternity, saying that M. le Curé held it a scandal to the town that it should be necessary to confide such a sacred work to the hands of a stranger. Then came the weekly paper, with the news printed in all the

### Father Dominick's Convert. \*

convincing assurance of black type, that the Archbishop had ordered the refitting of the church of Ste. Anne of Guigneguiche at a cost to the diocese of not to exceed six hundred dollars, and that His Grace had added to this liberal appropriation a generous contribution from his private purse. Michel Gargaroux chewed on that, as our country folks say, for the space of one bright August morning; and then, when

noon came, he took off his apron, brushed his trousers with some care, put on his black coat, and the hat which he kept on a peg behind the door, and walked off to the church of Ste. Anne, which stood at the cross-road near the bridge that crossed the river just below the falls.

It was not a large or imposing edifice, but it looked larger that day to Michel Gargaroux than it had ever looked before. He knew the building well, inside and out, although he had never entered its doors in all the years of his residence in Guigneguiche, for he passed it twice a day on his way to and from work, and its broad doors were open all day long in fair weather. There was a Home for Consumptives near the town, and at almost any hour some emaciated figure might be seen kneeling before a favorite saint chosen from among the long row on either wall to be the repository of prayers late and vain. The rude brackets which supported the gayly painted images were decked

#### 🗫 "Made in France." 😽

with poor, pious baubles, relics of the grateful dead, pitiful gifts of those who went away believing themselves cured.

Michel Gargaroux could not have told you the name of one saint, nor could he have made a guess at the number of the Stations of the Cross; but in his furtive glimpses through the open door he had taken in all that interested him in that interior, with the eye of a carpenter and joiner. There were eleven pews on a side downstairs, six long ones on each side gallery, and four little ones in the organ-loft — so he had been told; he had never seen the organ-loft, as it was directly over the door. In all, in various parts of the church, there were, as he put it, "nigh a hundred and twelve foot of rail, twenty-two plain sash, and three fancy, and more 'n three hundred foot of cornish."

He knew that he should find Father Dominick at the church, for his friends kindly kept him informed of every movement of the head of the clerical party, and he knew that the Father was decorating the church for the approaching feast of the town's patron saint. Doffing his hat, Gargaroux entered into the solemn silence of the temple, and stood blinking in the streams of faintly opalescent light that poured in from both rows of windows, for the dusty roads around the church reflected the strong sunlight from every direction. At the further end of the church Father Dominick was directing two old women from the Consumptive's Home, who were draping the altar with strips of gold-fringed velvet. Gargaroux felt both confused and awed by the strange silence and coolness, the unfamiliar illu-



mination and the hushed voices of the servants of religion; but he marched resolutely up to the priest and said with a bow:

"Good morning, your Reverence."

The priest's back was toward him. Father Dominick turned his head, but so slightly that Gargaroux could not tell whether or no he were recognized, and responded in preoccupied tones:

"Good morning, good morning, sir. Put the festoon to the left, Mrs. Mercier—the gold tawssel goes on Mrs. O'Reilly's end of the rail— —is that straight now?—just a trifle beyand. Thank you, ma'am."

Gargaroux felt a great desolation spreading about him, a cold, bleak desolation, with a sensation of creeping paralysis in the centre of it where he stood. He tried again:

"Decoratin'—" her, he was going to say, but checked himself in time — "the church?" he finished.

#### \* "Made in France." \*

The priest appeared to regard the question as both trivial and unnecessary.

"Ste. Anne's Day is Choosda'," he returned in a tone of seemingly unconscious rebuke.

"That's so, that's so," said Gargaroux, as if he had some doubts about it, but was yielding admiringly to convincing argument.

Then the great waste space around him grew wider and bleaker, and wrapt itself in a chilly twilight. He tried to speak; but a distance of several miles already separated him from the priest with the uninviting back, and the further that silent desert spread around him, the drier grew the roof of his mouth. Awkwardly and uncertainly he turned to go, and came in face of the organ-loft, which he had not yet seen. It contained a suprise for him.

Four pews! He had been misinformed. There were six, and no little ones either, and the organ-case! And the screen and rail in front of the singers, and one — two — three — four brackets, and two great carved corbels that were absolutely dropping to pieces, and would have to be replaced! Gargaroux's courage came back to him in a feverish flood.

"Your Reverence," he blurted out, turning back in desperation.

"Well, sir?" returned the priest, indifferently. "Lave the wrinkle, Mrs. O'Reilly; 't is fine as it is"

Gargaroux forced it out; and it came like a pellet out of a pop-gun.

"I come for the job."

"What job?" asked the priest, absent-mindedly.

### \* father Dominick's Convert. \*

No, he did not say "what job." What he dropped over his shoulder sounded like this: "hhhwhat JOB?" all in one word with the accent on the "job." This is one way that an Irishman has of picking up his end of a bargain which he intends to make a hard one for you. You come to him with a proposition, and it is his plan of campaign first to reject it as preposterous and finally to accept it - on his own terms. Father Dominick but Gargaroux through the whole system. His first question was really no more, apparently, than a mere mechanical and unconscious repetition of a strange sound that had fallen upon his ears. If you were on a cat-boat in a tempest, and a man should propose to play you a game of billiards; if your own brother would walk up to you and say, "My name is Julius Cæsar, and I am a mulatto," even so you might repeat in a dazed sort of way, "billiards?" or "mulatto?"

Gargaroux felt the blood rising in his cheeks. "This job," he said, faintly.

"This job?" repeated the Father.

This time he said the word as though he took intellectual cognizance of it, and recognized it as an English vocable, but could not at all understand how it could have any possible application to anything within the range of his own personal knowledge. His face wore a blank, searching look, as though he were saying to himself "job? job? Perhaps there is some meaning of the word with which I am acquainted? Perhaps this man's dog's name is 'Job,' and he 's got under the Church and he wants to get it out? Perhaps 'I come for the job' is the pass-word of one of his heathenish secret societies?"

#### \* "Made in France." \*

Then as Gargaroux murmured the words again still more faintly, he inclined his ear a little, as one might to a child, and said in a tone of stately indulgence:

"You must explain your meaning, Mr. Gar-

garoux. 1 do not think I understand—"

"Why," said Gargaroux, brokenly, conscious of a red face; "I mean this job, this here job, this here renovation, or refixing or whatever you call it, of this here church."

This time Father Dominick understood. His eyes opened to their widest, he drew up his massive form to its full height, he crossed his strong arms on his broad breast and he looked down on the poor, little jackal of a man before him.

"My Church!" he said. "You! I wonder, Gargaroux, that you dare take that holy name into your mouth. Is it you, an atheist, a blasphemer and a black inimy of Holy Church, would lay your impious hands on this sacred edifish! HHHWHAT would the Archbishop say to me if I were to permit it? I believe, on my sowl I believe, that if I were to allow such a profanation he would call me to Quebec and shame me before the whole population in front of the Cathedral at noonday."

He turned majestically toward the two women, as being the only portion of his auditory capable of understanding the horrors of the situation. The two poor creatures were quite sufficiently impressed: their faces were white, and their fingers actually trembled; and one of them got behind a screen and crossed herself nine times in succession. It took the Father a good half-minute of hard breathing to recover from his burst

# \* Sather Dominick's Convert. \*

of indignant surprise. Then, shaking his head slowly and sadly, he said, in the tone of a generous but resigned and hopeless martyr:

"No, Gargaroux, no! I do not reproach you for the trouble and disgrace you have been to me in the past; but I had not dreamed that you would have the audacity and the foolishness—the plain foolishness, man: it 's a born fool you must be to be thinking of it—to come here with such a request. Is it not scandal enough, that such work as this, such ixtinsive and important work should have to go outside of the parish because the only joiner in the town is an infidel and atheist, blaspheming the God who gave him the skill to earn his living?—and I 'm not denying, Gargaroux, that ye 're the best workman at your thrade betune here and Ouebec."

During this speech Gargaroux had stood nervously shuffling his feet, twisting and turning his hat in his great knobby hands, clumsy at touching anything save the keen tools of his craft, but his eyes were fixed upon the paneling, and certain mental calculations that he made almost involuntarily gave him the courage of desperation.

"Oh, come now, Father" he said, hanging his head; "atheist — infidel — them 's hard words."

"Do you deny, Gargaroux," demanded Father Dominick, "that you are an atheist?"

"Why — well — 1 may 'a' bin something of an atheist at one time, but — no — I ain't never

been—well, not what you might call a bigoted atheist."

The priest shook his head with an unsatisfied air. As he did so he put his hand out against the base of the pulpit as if he were about to lean against it. It trembled a little, and he drew back his hand, and then, reaching out again, tried it carelessly, casting his eye up and down as if he were taking note of its unsteadiness; and, all in a mechanical sort of way, as though his attention was mainly to the conversation on hand, he gave the pulpit a little dismissing slap that said perfectly plainly, "Well, well, that

old thing 's got to go, too."

"No, no," said Father Dominick; "Gargaroux, I 'm afraid I can't hope—"

"Well, now, I don't see why you can't," said Gargaroux, with new determination; "you ain't heard only one side; may be I ain't the kind of man you think I am. How 'd it be now if I was quite a different sort of man from

what you think?"

"It would be very different, indeed, Gargaroux," said Father Dominick, in a mild, regretful way; "and I wish with all my heart that it were so. But if you are really at heart the man you say you are—"

# Tather Dominick's Convert. T

"Well, I am, I am," interrupted Gargaroux; then he added cautiously, "to some extent,"

"Or perhaps I should say," said the priest sternly, "if you were such a man-"

"Well, I be," broke in Gargaroux; "when

you come right down to it, I be."

"If you were," continued the priest, "you would not hesitate to give the Church a proof that you are worthy of her confidence."

"Well, now, that's fair," said Gargaroux, eagerly; "I told you we 'd get along better than you thought, when we got right down to business."

"A proof," Father Dominick went on, "that would conclusively establish your fitness for such a highly important undertaking; not in my unworthy eyes alone, but in the eyes of the whole parish."

"Well - say - " returned the joiner, "what do you call a proof, anyhow? I 'm willin' to do what's right, of course; but I don't want to be

made no monkey of."

"Well," said the priest, calmly and thoughtfully, as though he addressed some one at a distance, "you must of course communicate publicly, and this very Sunday, without delay."

Gargaroux grew pale.

"Look here," he said at last in a sort of

gasp; "do them gallery pews go, too?"

"Yes," said Father Dominick gravely; "but, of course, we should take our time about that. There is a great deal of work here, Mr. Gargaroux, a great deal."

"Yes, yes," said Gargaroux; "and you want it done right, too. You don't want no two

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#### 💝 "Made in France." 🤧

or three men foolin' with that and doin' it all sorts of ways, so it won't look nohow when it is done."

"No," said Father Dominick; "I should certainly much prefer to have one competent man undertake the entire business. But this is wandhering from the subject. Important as the renovation of our church may be, it is nothing to the saving of a human soul. Am I to expect to see you at mass next Sunday?"

"Why, I s'pose so, I s'pose so, Father, if you think so much of it. As I say, I ain't noways bigoted. Folks has different ways of lookin' at them things, and if that 's your way — But I say, next Sunday, you was sayin'? Ain't that a kind of sudden?"

But Father Dominick's tone had grown severe again.

"Sudden?" he said; "no, Mr. Gargaroux. I should call it tardy in the extreme. I trust that you will not let any suggestion of delay awaken suspicion of the ginuineness of the convictions which you inform me you possess."

"Of course not," hastily returned Gargaroux; "I'll be there, I'll be there!"

And the two poor consumptive ladies, becoming conscious that they had witnessed a miracle, dropped on their knees and clasped their thin hands in silent benediction.

Father Dominick had the victory. Victory and a feminine audience — what more could the heart of man or priest desire? He could afford to be good-natured, and he was.

"There, that's the way to talk," he said, with a cheerful good-fellowship, patting his con-

### Tather Dominick's Convert. \*

vert indulgently on the shoulder; "that 's the sensible way to talk. It 's a man y' are now, Michel Gargaroux, and I am sorry you ever were anything else. And now, my man," he went on, "I shall want to confess you — let me see — two times, certain. It must be a long time since you've had a clearance."



Michel Gargaroux became conscious of a new trouble.

" I 've got to be confessed, have I? Where will I go for that?"

"There is the confessional," said the priest.

There was something of annoyance in his tone, as he pointed to the dark corner of the church where stood the little curtained cabinet.

"That there box?" said Gargaroux inquiringly. "Le's see."

He walked the length of the building to examine the confessional; Father Dominick following him with a leisurely step. He shook the confessional, rapped it with his knuckles and stuck his thumb-nail into the soft wood.

"Why," he said, "that box ain't in no sort of condition! It's most comin' to pieces."

"'T is old, perhaps," said Father Dominick;

"but, spre, it 's seen good service."

- "It was n't never made right," remarked Gargaroux, giving the frail structure a contemptuous jab with his thumb. "The man what made that was n't no carpenter. He'd better 'a' been blacksmithing. Say, you don't want me to talk to no such a box as that."
  - "Why not?" demanded Father Dominick.
- "Oh, I could n't do it. 'T would set me crazy to look at them bevels. I could n't talk straight."
- "I'm thinking it's annything but a straight talk ye'll be making, Gargaroux," said the priest.
- "Say, you let me off till I make you a new box," suggested Gargaroux; "this here thing 's spruce. Now I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll make you one of oak, and I 'll make it good, like it ought to be made. Is that satisfactory?"

The priest smiled.

"If the state of my confessional is a bar to your devotional ardor, my friend," he said, "I'll be aisy with ye. Suppose you come to my house to-morrow at this hour?"

Gargaroux's tone expressed a great relief.

"At your house?" he said. "Well, now, that 's more like it! There won't be nobody else there, will there?" A furrow of anxiety came between his brows.

# Tather Dominick's Convert. T

"None else," replied the priest encouragingly; "you and me and your sins, that 's all."

"It's a bargain!" cried Gargaroux, as he grasped Father Dominick's hand; "and if you don't go back on it I won't. Whoever does, his name's mud."

And he stalked out of the church with determination in his tread.

At half-past twelve the next day Michel Gargaroux sat in Father Dominick's arbor by the riverside, where old Élise had shown him, acting on special orders, to await the Father's coming. Gargaroux felt a vague and undefined satisfaction in this choice of a place for his ordeal, as he surveyed the scene around him. The vine-clad Summer-house stood in a pleasant angle of the low rock-cliffs that bordered the

whethe heysuckle surrounded burth, the rapid little ring to its foamy fall

stream. Bushes of tree-honeysuckle surrounded it on three sides; on the fourth, the rapid little river rolled silently by, hurrying to its foamy fall a few hundred yards beyond the priest's garden. The course of the water curved a little in its sharp descent, and, from where he sat, Gargaroux, looking down over the wooded hill-slope, could catch delightful glimpses of white through the deep green of the foliage. Far, far below,

### \* "Made in France." \*

at the very bottom of the falls, he could see the little church that had been the scene of yester-day's spiritual conflict—the little church that had somehow become the centre of the universe to the half-breed French Canadian who sat in Father Dominick's arbor waiting to be confessed. Gargaroux was a clod; but this was a pleasant and beautiful place, and, so far as a clod could be, Gargaroux was conscious of it. And he was



fully alive to the fact that it was a place of uncommon privacy and seclusion. But even there, in such a spot, and with such soothing influences around him, ten minutes of waiting set Gargaroux to fidgeting uneasily on his wooden bench.

"He takes his own time, by thunder!" the convert murmured to himself. "He ain't never worked by the day, that man."

A stir in the thicket behind him made him turn.

"Oh, he's comin' at last, is he?" he said as he braced himself for the ordeal.

And then his heart jumped up in his breast and turned suddenly cold as he saw the bushes

# Tather Dominick's Convert. 😙

part and the huge form of Father Dominick appear — not the Father Dominick of every-day, in his wrinkled, shiny old broad-cloth coat and his broad black ribbed-silk vest with the grease-spots on it; but Father Dominick grand and majestic in the snow-white surplice of the church, strange and solemn, with a serious look in his eyes and an awful dignity in the straight line of his firm-set mouth and the breadth of his big clean-shaven chin.

Before this white immaculate vision, this uniformed representative of a supernal power, the reclaimed atheist was quite as awe-struck and deferential as—well, as the priest had calculated he would be. Indeed it required the good Father's kindly affability to put him at all at his ease.

"Sit down, Gargaroux, sit down," said Father Dominick; "why, man, nobody's going to eat

you!"

But Gargaroux had come to the dentist, and now he wanted to have the tooth pulled as soon as possible.

"If it 's all the same to you, Father," he said; "I'd ruther get this here job over right off."

"Very well, my son, very well," assented Father Dominick as he placed upon the ground a small object which he had been carrying in his left hand half concealed by the folds of his vestments. It was a little hassock or cushion.

"Kneel down," said the priest.

Gargaroux drew back a step.

"Say," he began, "I did n't understand there was no such business as that."

With stern and authoritative manner Father Dominick rebuked him.

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"'T is on your sinful knees that you must approach the throne of mercy. Lose no time—you may be called for your sins while you 're thinking about it. Down, man, and be thankful that you 're let."

Gargaroux knelt.

"Repeat the Confiteor."

"The which?" demanded the penitent.

"Oh, the heathen!" said the priest, shaking his head; "well, say it after me. Follow me now, word for word."



And he began to repeat the brief prayer with the addition of a few interjections designed to meet the case of this particular case of penitence, such as:

"— 'to blessed Michael, the arch-angel,' — I'll warrant you never heard of him, did ye now?"

#### 🛪 father Dominick's Convert. 🍞

Or,

"— 'through your fault, through your fault, through your most grievous fault'— three times, do ye mind that?"

When it was done he settled himself more comfortably on his bench, crossed his legs, folded his hands on his stomach, and said:

"Now proceed to your confession."

But Gargaroux had no idea what was required of him; and he only knelt and stared helplessly at the priest, with the look of a badgered beast, until Father Dominick came to his rescue.

"I see," he said; "I see, you 've forgotten; that 's it, is it? Well, then, I'll put you through just a trifle of an examination as to the state of your soul. We'll try you on a few of the Commandments, to see how you stand. Now, take the first — you know what that is?"

"Why — I —" began Gargaroux; but the priest did not wait for him to finish.

"Of course you do," he said cheerfully; "who would n't. Now, the interrogation you are to ask of your conscience is this: 'Do you wholly and entirely love your God, and more than annything else you know of?'"

"Why, you see," said Gargaroux, "it's this way. I ain't sayin' I ain't got no natural affection. A man with a wife and four children ain't got no right to say no such thing. Nor, you understand, I ain't binding myself to anything as a matter of business. I don't want to bring dollars and cents into this thing. But outside of that, and reasonable like to any legitimate extent—"

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"'T won't do," said Father Dominick; "you must love Him more than annything in the world."

"Well," returned Gargaroux, doubtfully, but

accommodatingly, "I 'll do my best."

"Now, let's see; I'll not try you with the whole ten at once, but just with a few, skipping here and there like. For instance, 'Thou shalt not steal' --- how 's your conscience there?"

"I ain't no thief!" Gargaroux exclaimed,

indignantly.

"Sure you 're not," said the Father, in a soothing voice; "but that commandment has more spread to it than you think. Have you deviated in the slightest degree, by so much as a



hair's-breadth, from the paths of strict and absolute honesty?"

"Why, look here, Father," Gargaroux made answer in a candid and confiding manner, "it's

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just this way. I'm an honest man, and I take a pride in it. I don't care what other people think about them things, I take a pride in it, and I ain't ashamed to own it. But I don't believe in bein' too derned *fool* honest. 'T ain't natural; and if people find it out they begin to take advantage of it, don't you see? I ain't sayin' that I don't pile it on just a leetle when I 've got a customer I know can afford it — just an hour or two here, or a few foot of stuff there — but never so as that he 'd feel it. But I don't see nothing wrong in that; do you? Not when you consider that a man has a duty to his family; I don't."

"The misappropriation of a single cent constitutes an act of theft," said Father Dominick, majestically. "Avoid the practice. We'll pass on to another one: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

"Well, I do, I do," said Gargaroux, stroking his chin reflectively; "when business is slack I do. I ain't sayin' that when I 'm rushed — when I 've got a job that ain't done Saturday night, and has got to be ready Monday morning — that I don't put a little work in Sundays; but I would n't make no practice of it. And I always charge it two days in the bill; so I guess there ain't no harm in it."

"You must shut up your shop on Sunday,

Gargaroux," said the priest.

"I do, I do," the penitent cheerfully assured him. "Keep her shet, always, street-front end. Why, I 'd lose lots of *your* folks' trade if I did n't."

"You must shut the other end." Gargaroux looked surprised and doubtful,

#### \* "Made in France." \*

"Well," he said, at last, "I suppose I could put in a skylight; I'll think about it, anyway."

"Hminf!" grunted Father Dominick; "to proceed. Here is a commandment of greater importance to him who would live a truly Christian life than most people understand. Have you, in any way, shape or manner, borne false witness against your neighbor?"

Mr. Gargaroux's reception of this question was amazing. He burst into a roar of laughter, slapped his thighs, and writhed in mirthful enjoyment.

"Well, that beats all!" he gasped and chuckled; "that beats all! You're a smart one, Father; I'm derned if you ain't. I knowed you



was making up them questions out of your head! You was layin' for me right along, was ye?"

"Silence, man!" thundered the indignant priest. "Cease your unseemly merriment, and answer me!"

#### \* Sather Dominick's Convert. \*

"Why I — I — I thought," faltered the sobered and abashed Gargaroux, "that may be the boys had been telling you that it was me started that story about the new butcher being driv' out of Montreal for sellin' goat for Springlamb."

"I see, I see," said the Father, looking rather hard at his convert; "you'll have to be considerably more careful in the future."

"I will, I will," Gargaroux answered heartily.

"Lord, it ain't often they ketch me!"

"Well," said the priest, "I'll ask you one question more and that 'll do for to-day. Have you taken the name of the Lord in vain? that is, have you been guilty of blasphemy or profane language?"

"What! me?" asked Gargaroux, as if the examination had hitherto concerned itself with someone else. "Not me; no, sir; I 'm no swearin' man. I ain't saying that now and then, when things don't go the right way, I don't say a little more than I mean to—just a few cusswords like anybody might use—and I don't say that when I am swearing I 'm so all-fired particular how I do swear. But as for real what you might call swearing—why, hell! I ain't no swearing man."

Michel Gargaroux is now a regular communicant; and they say he made an extremely good job of the church.







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